l'Amour de la Verité

MORAL REFLECTION

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MORAL REFLECTION

Moral Maxims
AND
Reflections,

In Four PARTS.

Written in French by the Duke of

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Now made Engliſh.

LONDON,
Printed for *M. Gillyflower* in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, *R. Sare* at *Grays-Inn-Gate*, and *J. Everingham* in *Ludgate ſtreet*, 1694.

THE
Translator's Preface.

AS soon as this little Book fell into my Hands, I could not forbear making Enquiry, whether any of our Countrymen had done the good Service of communicating it to the *English Readers*. The Entertainment it gave me, the exceeding Characters I had heard of it, (which indeed I thought Extravagant, till my own Perusal convinced me, they were it's just due) and the desire of making these wise Observations, and the Advantages of them more diffusive, as well as that of impressing them more strongly upon my self, moved me to resolve upon spending some leisure hours in Naturalizing this Great Foreigner. But the Undertaking soon appeared more difficult, than the Proportion of the Book tempted

me to expect. For the Translating every where literally and concisely, would have left some Passages Dark and scarce Intelligible. And a loose Paraphrase (besides that it is a Liberty not to be indulged, except in Cases of great Necessity) would take off from the Beauty and Strength of such Reflections; the very design of which Requires a short Close Style. With what success I have endeavoured to decline both these Extreams, the Judicious Reader will discern better, because more impartially than I can; and the Failings he discovers, will, I promise my self, be easily forgiven, for the sake of so good a Design, as the giving him this Ingenious Book in our own Language. For it is to be hoped, he will think it more pardonable, that this is done now by a very indifferent and unknown Hand, than that it hath not had this Right done it, by some of the best and most Eminent, before.

Mrs. *Behn* indeed hath attempted part of it, but she seems not to have intended a perfect Work, so much as the Entertaining

taining her Self and her *Lysander*, with such Passages as were most applicable to her Darling Passion of Love. Upon which occasion and some others, she takes the Freedom of Paraphrasing, and Accommodating as she saw fit, more perhaps to her own Diversion, than the doing Justice to the Author. And besides Her's is only a Collection of some scattered Reflections out of the First and Second, without any Notice taken of the Third and Fourth Parts.

This Translation follows the Edition of *Lyons* 1691. But because there is another of the same Year at *Paris*, without any distinction of Parts, in which there are several Additions, to what my Original hath in the two first Books, I have taken care to subjoyn those Additions at the end of the second Part here; and believe that in Comparing the two Books together none will be found to have escaped me, nor any other difference between them now remaining, except in the Order of the Reflections. The Passages added are likewise Numbred according to

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the *Paris* Edition, from whence they are taken. The French Preface to the Reader Translated from thence, because something larger; and referring particularly to a Discourse upon these Reflections, wholly wanting in the Impression at *Lyons*. That Discourse (Englished by another Hand) is likewise inserted here, the design whereof is to remove some Objections, to which this Book hath been thought liable. So that all due care hath been taken that this Translation might have it's utmost Perfection, and the Author now appears in English more full, and with much greater Advantage, than any Edition of his, that ever I yet saw in the Original Language.

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

THE General Approbation which the Publick has been pleased to give these Moral Reflections, *is infinitely above what I am able to say in their Favour; and if they are really of that intrinsic Value, as I take them to be, and have very good Reasons to believe, 'tis almost impossible to do them a greater injury, than to imagine they stand in need of an Apology.*

I shall at present content my self to remark two things; First, That by the word Interest, *our Author does not always understand what we commonly call worldly* Interest, *which has the pursuit of Wealth for its only Object, but an* Interest *of Honour and Glory. My Second Remark is, (and 'tis in a manner the Foundation of all these Reflections) that the judicious person who made them, only considers Mankind in the present Deplorable State of Nature, as 'tis over-run with Ignorance and corrupted by Sin; and therefore whatever he says of that infinite number of defects that are to be found in their apparent Vertues, does not in the least concern those Happy but few favourites whom Heaven is pleased to preserve from them by a particular Grace.*

To remove the prejudices which some well meaning People have entertained against these Maxims, I thought it convenient to insert the following Letter, which lately fell into my Hands, and was Written since the first Edition of this Manuscript; and now at this juncture, when every Reader takes the freedom to pass his own judgment upon them, it comes out very seasonably to clear the principal Difficulties that may be urged against these Reflections, as also to explain the true Sentiments of our Author. This at least it has performed, it has abundantly Demonstrated them to contain nothing but a pure Abridgment of Morality, conformable to several Fathers of the Church, and that the Person who Writ them, had a great deal of reason to believe, that he could not well miss his way in following such Experienced

rienced and Disinteresſted Guides. And laſtly, that he had full Liberty to ſpeak of Man *after the very ſame manner as the Fathers had done before him.*

Now after all, if the Veneration which is due to theſe Illuſtrious Lights of the Church, is not ſufficient to ſtop the Mouths of the Criticks; but they are reſolved in Oppoſition to good Manners and Senſe, to condemn the Opinion of theſe Great Men, in condemning this Book, I wou'd adviſe the Reader not to be influenced by ſuch partial Judges, nor ſuffer himſelf to be determined by the firſt Motions he finds ariſe in his Heart, and to take all imaginable care that Self-love *ſhall have no ſhare in the judgment which he paſſes upon them: for if he ſuffers himſelf to be Directed by ſo corrupt a Counſellor, it is not to be ſuppoſed that he will*

ſhew any great favour to theſe Maxims. *As they particularly charge* Self-love *with Debauching the Reaſon, that powerful Seducer will be ſure by way of Requital, to prepoſſeſs the Mind againſt them. Upon this ſcore, the Reader ought to take care that this prevention or prejudice ſhall not juſtifie the Truth of them, and to perſwade himſelf that nothing can ſo effectually Eſtabliſh the truth of theſe* Reflections, *as that Heat or Subtilty he expreſſes in combating them. But as it will be a difficult matter to perſwade every ſenſible Man that he cannot condemn them out of any other Motive than that of* Intereſt *diſguiſed, of* Pride, *and* Self-love; *the beſt way the Reader can take in my Opinion, is to ſatisfie himſelf that none of theſe* Maxims *concern him in particular, and that he alone is excepted from them, although they ſeem to be General. After he*

has

has done this, I dare Answer for him that he will be the first Man that shall Subscribe to the truth of them, and what is more, believe that they are of mighty benefit to the World in Discovering all the weaknesses and Foibles *of Mankind.*

As for what regards the order of these Reflections, the Reader will at first view discover that as they are all upon different matters, it was in a manner impossible to place them in an exact Method. And tho' there are several upon the same Subject, it was not judged à propos *to place them always one after another for fear of Disgusting the Reader, who is generally best entertained with an agreeable Variety.*

A Discourse upon the Reflections, or Sentences, and Moral Maxims, in a Letter to a Friend.

Sir,

I am not able positively to tell you whether the Moral Reflections were Writ by Monsieur De ——— although the Stile and Manner of them seem to resemble his. But give me leave, Sir, to tell you, that upon those occasions, I generally disengage my self from popular Reports, and 'tis enough to make me believe, that they do not belong to him, because the publick opinion has father'd them upon him. Thus I have fairly and ingenuously answer'd your first Question, and as for the rest, if you had not an absolute

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Authority over me, which I must never Dispute, I should wave a further Examination of them; for a man so highly prepossess'd, as I am, in his esteem for this Work, has not that liberty to judge truly of it as is requisite; nevertheless since you have been pleased to order it so, I will frankly give you my Opinion without any design, to set up for a maker of Dissertations, or concerning my self with the Person who is supposed to have Writ this Book. 'Tis easie to discover at first Sight, that it was never designed to visit the World, but only Writ for the Satisfaction of a Person, who in my Opinion does not Aspire to the Glory of being an Author; and if it should happen to belong to Monsieur De ——, *I can assure you, that his Reputation is Established in the World by so many better Titles, that he would be no less disturbed to hear that these*

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Reflections *are made publick, than he was when the* Memoirs *that were attributed to him were Printed. But, Sir, you need not be informed what a propensity there is in this Age to publish all manner of Novelties, and especially those that go under any celebrated Name, which of it self is sufficient to recommend them to the World. This you know is an undoubted Truth, Names alone, set a price upon things with those People that are not in a capacity of finding out their intrinsic value. The true merit of these* Reflections *is understood but by a very few People, tho' 'tis certain that abundance of presuming* Wou'd-be-Wits *pretend to give you their Opinions of them. As for my self, I don't pretend to have Delicacy and Penetration enough to form a true judgment of them; I say, Delicacy and Penetration, because to qualifie a man for such a Province, he*

must

must be master both of one and the other; and tho it were possible for me to flatter my self, that I possessed both these qualities, I am inclined to believe that I should find but very few passages in these Reflections *to amend. I can there discover nothing but a happy Force and Spirit, thoughts truly Elevated and Bold, a noble turn of Expression accompanied with a certain air of Quality, that does not belong to all that have vanity enough to set up for Authors. I own indeed there is not that Order and Art in them which one would desire, and that a Learned Man, who enjoyed a greater share of leisure than our Author's affairs seem to allow him, wou'd have thrown them into a better Method. But a Man who purely Writes for himself, and to divert his mind after the fatigue of other Business, who sets down his Thoughts just as they*

come into his Head, does not so religiously observe the niceties of Rules, as they who make a profession and business of Writing, and hope to get reputation by their Pens. Nevertheless this Irregularity has its peculiar Graces, and such Graces too as Art can never imitate. I don't know whether you will agree with me in this point, but tho' I am sure of incurring the Indignation of the Criticks by what I am going to say, yet I cannot forbear to affirm to you, that as long as I live, I shall make no scruple to prefer the easie negligent stile of persons of Condition, which has Wit and Spirit in it, to the slavish regularity of a Doctor that never conversed with any thing but his Books. † The more

† Dictaque factaque ejus quanto solutiora, & quandam sui negligentiam præferentia, tanto gratius in speciem simplicitatis accipiebantur, *Tac. Ann.* l. 16.

easie

easie and negligent he appeared in whatever he said or did, the more agreeably was it received for its natural and simple Air. *I borrow this passage out of* Tacitus, *and have set down the Latin in the Margin, that if you are so minded, you may read it; and tho' I am sensible how great a Master you are of that Language, yet since this Discourse, may possibly reach other hands that are utterly unacquainted with it, I shall follow the same conduct when ever I have any occasion to make Citations. Now, Sir, is it not an unquestionable truth, that this justness and affectation which is sought after with so much study, always carries a certain stiffness and constraint that displeases us? And that these Gentlemen who are such slaves to Rules, have none of those Beauties where Art disguises it self under the appear-*

appearances of Nature, that happy Talent of Writing easily and nobly; or in fine, that which * Tasso *saies of the Palace of* Armida,

Stimi (si misto il culto é col negletto,)
Sol naturali gli ornamenti e i siti,
Di natura arte par, che per diletto
L' imitatrice sua scherzando imiti.

* Cant. 17.

In English it runs thus.

Art in this Beauteous pile can claim no praise,
Nature alone did the fair Fabrick raise.
But so well has she copy'd her design,
That cheated by an Object so Divine,
We think that Art has follow'd nature's line.

Thus

Thus I have briefly acquainted you with my Sentiments of this Work in general, but at the same time am sensible that this is not enough to satisfie you, since you request me to answer all those Objections more particularly, which you tell me have been urged against it. As I remember, the first is as follows, viz. *That these* Reflections *destroy all the Vertues: To which it may be answered, That our Author was far from entertaining the least inclinations to destroy them; he only pretends to shew that they are seldom to be seen in a perfect state of Purity, and that the greatest part of our Actions are never without a mixture of Error and Truth, Perfection and Imperfection, Vice and Vertue. He considers the Hearts of Men corrupted, invaded by Pride and Self-love, and encompass'd about with ill Examples, as the Governour of a Town besieged,*

beſieged, who is in want of Silver; he makes Money of Leather and Paſtboard. This Money in ſhape and figure reſembles the good, 'tis put off at the ſame Price, but nothing but downright miſery and neceſſity makes it go current among the Beſieged. After the ſame manner, the generality of humane Actions which paſs with the world for ſo many Vertues, oftentimes have only the bare image and reſemblance of them. Nevertheleſs they don't ceaſe to carry ſome merit with them, and to challenge our eſteem in ſome meaſure, it being very difficult humanely ſpeaking to have any better. But admitting our Author believed, that there was no truly perfect vertue in Man, yet conſidering him in the pure ſtate of Nature, he is not the firſt that advanced this Opinion. If I were not afraid to lie under the Scandal of a mighty Man in Quotation with

you, I cou'd cite you ſeveral Authors, nay, Fathers of the Church and celebrated Saints, who were of Opinion, that Self-love and Pride were the very Soul of the moſt Heroical Actions the Pagans can boaſt off. I cou'd make it appear that ſome of them have not even pardoned the chaſtity of Lucretia, whom all the World believed to be vertuous, till they diſcover'd the falſity of that vertue, which produced the liberty of Rome, and has drawn the admiration of ſo many Ages after it. Can you imagine, Sir, that Seneca himſelf who makes his Wiſeman ſtand upon the ſame level with the Gods, was truly wiſe, or that he was really perſwaded of what he endeavours to inculcate to other people with ſo much Inſolence and Oſtentation? * Nevertheleſs, his Pride cou'd not

* Jovem plus non poſſe quam bonum virum. *Sen. Epiſt.* 83. Deus non vincit ſapientem ſolicitate, etiamſi vincit ætate. *Sen. ibid.*

hinder

hinder him from owning in other (b) *places that he had never beheld in the World an example of that Idea which he proposed; that it was impossible to find so consummate a virtue among Men, and that the most perfect among them was he who had the fewest Defects.* (c) *He franckly confesses that one may reproach* Socrates *with maintaining some suspected Correspondences,* Plato *and* Aristotle *with being Covetous, and* Epicurus *with his Prodigality and Pleasure. And yet he cries out in a most wonderfull Passion at the same time, that we should be but too happy,*

(b) Ubi enim illum invenies quem tot sæculis quærimus sapientem, pro optimo est minimè malus. *Sen. de Tranq.*

(c) Objicite Platoni quod petierit pecuniam, Aristoteli quòd acceperit, Epicuro quod consumpserit, Socrati Alcibiadem & Phædram objectate, O vos usu Maximè fœlices, cum primum vobis imitari vitia nostra contigerit. *Seneca de Vit. Beat.*

*cou'd we arrive to Copy and imitate their very Vices. This worſhipfull Philoſopher had been much in the right on't, if he had ſaid as much of his own Vices; for to ſay the Truth, a Man wou'd not have been over unhappy, cou'd he have been able to enjoy, as this poor Stoick did, all manner of Riches, Honour and Pleaſure at the ſame time when he made a mean of deſpiſing them; to ſee himſelf abſolute * Maſter of the Empire, and Emperour; nay, and a Gallant of the Empreſs at the ſame time; to poſſeſs magnificent Palaces, delicious Gardens, and thus full ſtretch'd at his eaſe, as he was, to preach up Moderation*

* Senecam adoriuntur tanquam ingentes & ſupra privatum modum evectas opes adhuc augeret, quódque ſtudia civium in ſe verteret, hortorum quoque amœnitate, & villarum magnificentia quaſi principem ſupergrederetur. *Tac. Ann.* l. 14.

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and Constancy, and the Lord knows what in the midst of a prodigious plenty and wealth. Do you believe, Sir, that this mortified Hypocrite, who so well counterfeited the Master of his Passions, cou'd in Conscience pretend to any Vertue but that single one of concealing his Vices, and that when he ordered his Veins to be opened, he did not repent him a thousand times that he left his Imperial Pupil the power to make him Die? Do but view this mighty Pretender at a nearer distance, and you'll see that in making all these fine reasonings upon the immortality of the Soul, he endeavors to Hoodwink himself against the fears of Death; he summons up all his forces to make a solemn Grimace at parting; he bites his Tongue least he should confess that pain is an Evil; he pre-

tends that Reason is able to * *divest a man of all Passion, and instead of humbling his Pride, he raises himself above the Divinity. Now in my Opinion he had acted much more like an honest Man, if he had fairly own'd the Weaknesses and Corruption of Humane Nature, and not taken so much pains to Banter the World with his impracticable Notions. On the other hand, the Author of these Reflections uses a different Conduct; he lays open all the Miseries of Man, but then we must understand him of Man, as he is abandon'd to his own Caprice, and not of a Christian. He makes it evidently appear, that in spite of all the Efforts of his reason, Pride and Self-love will still take Sanctuary in some*

* Sapientem si in Phalaridis tauro peruratur, exclamaturum dulce est, & ad me nihil attinet. *Epic. apud Sen.*

of the most private recesses of his Heart, where they meet from time to time with sufficient nourishment to spread their Venom imperceptibly upon the greatest part of its Movements.

The second Objection you told me of, and which has a great deal of Affinity with the former, is, That these Reflections pass in the World rather from the Subtilties of an Austere Censor, who puts an ill Construction upon the most indifferent Actions, than for solid Truths. You *tell me that some of your Friends have assured you with all the imaginable appearances of Sincerity that they knew by their own experience, that a man does sometimes do good without having any other view or prospect than that of good; nay, sometimes without any view at all, either for Good or Evil, but by a natural inte-*

grity of mind, which inclined him to what is good without his own thinking of it. I wish it were in my power to believe these Gentlemen upon their word, and that it were true that Humane Nature has none but reasonable Motions, and that all our Actions were naturally vertuous. But, Sir, how shall we reconcile the testimony of your Friends to the sentiments of the greatest Fathers of the Church, who have assured us, That all our Vertues without the Assistance of Faith, are only imperfections, that our will was born blind; that its desires were blind, its Conduct still more blind, and that it was no wonder if a man under so much blindness was in a perpetual state of wandring. *Nor is this all, for they proceed to talk in a higher strain, and tell us that in such a condition,* the prudence of man does not penetrate into future things, and

appoints nothing but as it has a relation to Pride; that his Temperance moderates no exceſſes, but thoſe that his Pride condemned before, that his conſtancy no farther ſupports its ſelf under the preſſure of Calamities, than as it is encouraged by his Pride; and laſtly, that all his vertues with that exterior pomp of merit, which makes them be admired, had no other end but this Admiration, the love of vain Glory, and the intereſt of Pride. *One might find almoſt an infinite number of Authorities upon this Opinion, but if I ſhould once begin to cite them regularly to you, the effect wou'd be, that I ſhould give my ſelf a little more trouble by the ſame token that you wou'd not receive more pleaſure by it. For this conſideration, I think the beſt way both for you and me, will be to give you an Abridgment of all this*

Controverſie, done by an excellent Poet of our time in the compaſs of ſix Verſes.

*Brebeuf. Fol. * Si le jour de la Foy.

Reaſon wou'd blindly wander in the Night,
If active Faith withdrew the cheerfull Light.
Aſpiring Pride deludes the darken'd mind,
And turns to poiſon what was good deſign'd.
Self-love invades each corner of the Soul,
Turns Vice to Vertue and corrupts the Whole.

After all, if we muſt right or wrong believe that your Friends have the gift of this lively Faith, that ſuppreſſes all the ill inclinations of Self-love,

if God has bestowed such extraordinary favours upon them, and sanctifies them from the common impurities of the World, I will with all my heart give my Vote for their Canonization, and here freely declare to them that the Moral Reflections *don't in the least concern them. There is no reason to imagine that the Person who Writ them, ever designed to meddle with the Saints; for as I told you before, his business is only with Man as he is corrupted. He maintains that he generally commits evil when his Self-love flatters him that he's doing good, and that he often deceives himself when he would judge of himself, because nature does not sincerely explain to him the real Motives that make him Act. In this wretched state where Pride is the original of all his Actions, the Saints are the first that declare War against him, and treat him infi-*

nitely worse than the Author of the Reflections *does. If you should have a desire at any time to consult those passages which I have observed in their Writings upon this Article, you will soon be perswaded that I have told you nothing but the truth; but I request you to satisfie your self for the present with these Verses, which will in part explain to you what others thought about this matter.*

* Brebeuf, Entr. fol. * Le desir des honneurs.

The lust of Honour, Riches, and
Delight,
Produces Vice, and leads us to the
Right.
Blind Interest the wavering heart
o'er sways,
And to fresh errours the vain slave
betrays.

Nay,

Nay, remedies produce a sharper pain,
One ill suppress'd, another strait does raign.
While here this Tyrant does Triumphant ride,
One sin is by a second sin destroy'd,

Montagne, *whom I cannot without some remorse of Conscience quote to you after the Fathers of the Church, says happily enough upon the same subject, that his Soul has two different Faces; that in vain she endeavoured to look back upon her self, for she only perceives that which Self-love has disguised, while the other is perceived by those who are not concerned in the* Masquerade. *If I durst build upon so bold a Metaphor, I would say that the Soul of a Man corrupted, is made like those Medals which represent the Figure of a Saint, and that*

of

of a Devil in one Face, and by the same strokes, 'tis nothing but the different situation of those that look upon it, that changes the object; one Man sees a Saint, and the other sees a Devil. These Comparisons may serve to instruct us, that when Self-love has once got possession of the heart, Pride does so effectually blind the Reason, and spreads so vast an obscurity over all its faculties, that it cannot form a true judgment of the least of our motions, nor of it self give us any certain rules for our conduct. Men, *saies* * Horace, Here upon the Stage of this World are like a company of Travellers whom Night has surprized as they are passing through a Forest; they march on relying up-

* *Velut silvis ubi passim.*
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit.
Ille sinistrorsum hic dextrorsum abit, unus utrique.
Error, sed varijs illudit partibus. Hor. Serm. 2. *Lib. Sat.* 3.

on the honesty of the Guide, who immediately puts them out of their way, either through malice or ignorance. All of them use what care they can to find the beaten Path again, every one takes a different way, and is in good hopes his is the best; the more they fill themselves with these vain imaginations, the farther they wander; but tho they all wander a different way, yet it proceeds from one and the same cause; 'tis the Guide that deceived them, and the obscurity of the Night hinders them from recoveing the right Road. *Is it possible for any one to paint out in Livelier Colours the blindness and perpetual inquietudes of Man abandon'd to his own foolish Conduct, who listens to nothing but the Whisperings of his Pride, who thinks he goes naturally right to what is good, and who all-*

ways

ways believes that the laſt he finds is the beſt? Is it not certain that at the very moment when he flatters himſelf that he's doing ſome good Action, 'tis then that the wandering of his heart is moſt dangerous and fatal to him? There is ſuch a prodigious number of Wheels that compoſe the movement of this Clock, and the firſt ſpring of it ſo hard to be diſcovered, that tho we plainly ſee what hour the day it is by the Dial, yet we cannot tell which is the prime motion that conducts the hand upon all the ſpaces in the Plate.

The Third Objection which lies upon me to anſwer, is that abundance of people complain of the great obſcurity in the Senſe, as alſo in the expreſſion of the Reflections. You need not be informed, Sir, that obſcurity is not allways the Author's fault. Reflections, or if you pleaſe, Maxims and Sentences,

es, as the World has been pleased to call these, ought to be Writ in a succinct close Stile, that hinders a Man from giving that perspicuity in his Writings which is to be desired. They are like the first schetches of a Picture where an ingenious Eye will easily remark all the perfection of Art, and the beauty of the Painter's design. But then this Beauty is not understood by all the World, and altho' the lineaments are not set out in their proper colours; yet for all that, they discover a masterly hand. For this reason the Reader ought to penetrate into the sense and force of the words, the mind ought to run over the whole extent of their signification before it sits down and proceeds to judgment.

The Fourth Objection, unless I am mistaken was this, That the Maxims for the most part are too General. *You have been told* that 'tis a piece

piece of Injuſtice to fix the defects of particular Men upon the whole Race. *Beſides the account I have received from you of the different opinions you have heard upon this Subject, I know what uſes to be Generally Objected to thoſe Perſons who diſcover and condemn Vices. Their cenſure is called the Portraiture of a Painter; 'tis urged againſt them that they reſemble People that are troubled with the Yellow Jaundice, who ſee every thing Yellow becauſe they are ſo themſelves. Now if it were true that a Man cannot cenſure the corruption of the Heart in General, without finding more of it in himſelf than another does, we ought then to take it for granted that thoſe Philoſophers, whoſe Apophthegms have been delivered down to us by* Diogenes Laertius, *were the greateſt Debauchees of their times; we ought to attack the memo-*

ry of Cato, *and believe he was the most profligate wretch in* Rome, *because he censured the vices of the Republick. If this is the case, I dare swear for the Author of the Reflections, whoever he is, that he will not be much troubled at the ill nature of his Adversaries, since the business of Religion excepted, he will scarce be taken either for a better or wiser Man than* Cato. *As for what regards his expression, which some persons pretend is too general, I can only say this, that it is a difficult matter to avoid it in sentences, without robbing them of all their Salt, their Force and Spirit. Nor is this all, for common conversation teaches us that even where general expressions are used, we take them in a limited Sense with such and such Restrictions, and this without any body's interposing to instruct us; as for Example,*

ample, when we hear a Man cry, All *Paris* went to meet the King, *or* all the Court is in Mourning, *every one knows that it only ſignifies the greateſt part. If you are of opinion that theſe Reaſons are not ſufficient to ſtop the Mouths of the Criticks, you need only tell them that when Gentlemen are ſo eaſily ſcandalized at the terms of a general Cenſure, 'tis becauſe it touches them after too lively a manner in the moſt ſenſible part of their hearts.*

'Tis indeed very certain, that you and I are acquainted with ſeveral Perſons of great Worth and Honour, who are not in the leaſt offended at the freedom of theſe Reflections, *I mean, thoſe that have a mortal averſion to Hypocriſie, and who make no ſcruple at all to confeſs both what they feel in themſelves, and what*

they obſerve in others. But few People are capable of thinking of them aright, or that will put themſelves to the ſevere expence of doing it, and if by mere accident they do, Self-flattery ſtill attends them, and ſo hinders the operation of the Phyſick. Let me intreat you to call to mind after what manner our Friend Guarini *treats theſe empty pretenders.*

* Huomo ſono, e mi preggio d' eſſer humano,
E teco, che ſei huomo,
E ch' altro eſſer non puos,
Come huomo parlo di coſa humana.
E ſe di cotal nome forſe tiſdegni,
Guarda Garzon Superbo,

* *Guarini Paſtor Fida.* Act. 1. Sc. 1. *Homo ſum, humani nihil à me alienum.* Heautont. Act. 1. Sc. 1. Terent.

Che

Che nul diſhumanarti,
Non divenghi una fiera, anzi chun
Dio.

Obſerve, Sir, in what terms we ought to Speak of the Pride of Humane Nature; inſtead of being angry with the mirrour that ſhews us our Faults, inſtead of bearing an ill will to the Perſon who is ſo charitable to diſcover them to us, ought we not rather to make uſe of the charitable Lights they give us to find out our Self-love and Pride, and to preſerve our ſelves from the continual attempts they make upon our Reaſon? Can a Man ever expreſs Hatred enough to thoſe two vices that were the lamentable occaſions of the revolt of our firſt Parent, or too much decry thoſe unfortunate ſources from whence all our miſeries proceed?

Others are at their liberty to take the Reflections *after what manner they pleaſe; as for my ſelf, I look upon them to be a true and handſom Repreſentation of all the infirmities of your impudent pretenders to Wiſdom. I fanſie that in every ſtroke the love of truth pulls off his Mask, and ſhows him as he is in his proper Colours. I conſider them as the inſtructions of an able Maſter, who was perfectly verſed in the Art of knowing Men, who dexterouſly lays open all the ſeveral parts they play upon the Theatre of the World, and who not only bids us mind the ſeveral Characters of the Perſons upon the Stage, but lifts up a corner of the Curtain, and ſatisfies us that this Lover and that King in a Tragedy, are the very numerical Actors, that play the Mountebank and the Merry-Andrew in a Farce. I freely*

ly

ly own to you, that I have read nothing in this Age, that gives me a greater contempt for Man, or makes me more ſenſible of my own Vanity. I fanſie that as often as I open the Book, I find ſomething that reſembles the ſecret Movements of my Heart, I enquire into my ſelf to examine whether he ſpeaks the Truth, and I find that generally he tells both me and others more than they ſaw. At firſt I am ſomewhat diſpleaſed with him, I ſometimes bluſh to ſee how exactly he has Divined, but after I have with ſome violence to my Nature read Him, I perceive that if I don't from thence learn to become more wiſe, I learn this at leaſt that I have no pretence to aſpire to that Title; and laſtly, I learn from the true Repreſentation he gives me of my ſelf, not ſottiſhly to fall into an admiration of thoſe Ver-

Vertues, the very ſplendor of which offends our Eye-ſight. Hypocrites indeed paſs their time but very ill in reading a Book of this Character, and thoſe are the only Perſons in the World that will raiſe a Noiſe and Clamour about it. Let me therefore conjure you, Dear Sir, to give no heed to thoſe that vent their Malice againſt it, and reſt aſſured that the true Reaſon of their Indignation is to ſee thoſe Myſteries revealed, which if it lay in their power, they wou'd carefully conceal both from others and themſelves.

And now, Sir, whereas it was my intention to ſend you a Letter, I find my ſelf inſenſibly Engaged to Write a tedious Diſcourſe, call it as you pleaſe, either a Diſcourſe or a-Letter, it ſignifies not much provided, 'tis ſo happy as to give

you

you some satisfaction, and that you will do me the Honour to believe that I am with all imaginable respect,

Sir,

Your Most Humble, &c.

Arcana Aulica: or, *Walsingham's* Manual of Prudential Maxims, for the Statesman and Courtier. To which is added *Fragmenta Regalia*: or, Observations on Queen *Elizabeth*, Her Times, and Favourites. By Sir *Robert Naunton*. *London*, Printed for *Matthew Gilyflower* at the *Spread Eagle* in *Westminster-Hall*, 1694.

Humane Prudence: or, the Art by which a Man may Raise himself and Fortune to Grandeur. The Sixth Edition Corrected and Enlarged by the Author. Printed for *Richard Sare* at *Grays-Inn-Gate* in *Holbourn*.

Moral

Moral Reflections.

Our Vertues are oftentimes in Reality no better than Vices diſguiſed.

I.

WHAT we take for Vertue is frequently nothing elſe but the concurrence of ſeveral Actions, and ſeveral Aims; which either our own Induſtry, or Fortune for us contrives to bring together. And we are much miſtaken, if we think that Men are always ſtout from a principle of Valour, or Women chaſt from a principle of Modeſty.

II.

Self-love is the *Love* of a mans own ſelf, and of every thing elſe for his own ſake. It makes people *Idolaters* to themſelves,

and *Tyrants* to all the World besides, as they would plainly make appear if *Fortune* did but furnish them with Power and Opportunities of shewing it. It never rests or fixes any where from Home, and if for a little while it dwell upon some other thing, 'tis only as *Bees* do, when they light upon *Flowers*, with a design to draw all the *Virtue* there to their own advantage. Nothing is so raging and violent as its Desires, nothing so close as its Designs, nothing so ingenious as its Management of them; it hath more Fetches and Doubles than can ever be described; it transforms it self into more different shapes, than are in all *Ovid*'s Metamorphoses, and its Extractions are more subtle and refined, than any *Chymistry* can Parallel. It is an *Abyss*, too deep ever to be sounded, and too dark ever to be seen thorough: There it sits undiscovered even from the nicest and most penetrating *Eye*, and runs a thousand wild *Mazes* undiscerned. Nay, it is sometimes concealed from its own self, and conceives and cherishes, and brings up a world of

Inclina-

Inclinations and *Affections*, without ſo much as being ſenſible when they are *Born*, or how they are *Bred*. And ſome of theſe *Conceptions* are ſo monſtrous, that when they come to the *Birth*, it either does not know them, or cannot be prevailed upon to own them. From this groſs Darkneſs proceed all its extravagant and ridiculous Opinions of its ſelf, all its Errours, and Ignorances, and ſottiſh Stupidities in its own caſe. This is the reaſon, why it often thinks thoſe *Paſſions* killed, and dead, which are only laid to Sleep; Happineſs it ſelf is content to ſit down quietly when it is only taking Breath for a freſh *Chaſe*, and thinks thoſe *Appetites* quite loſt, which are only ſatisfied a little for the preſent. And yet this thick *Miſt* which hinders it from ſeeing it ſelf, is no Obſtruction to its ſight of any thing elſe; for in this it is like the Eyes of our Body, which perceive all other *Objects*, and are blind only with regard to themſelves. And thus, where its own *Intereſt* is concerned, and the [illegible] is of *Conſequence* ſo great [illegible] to move the deſires vigorouſly, and b[illegible]h to [illegible] all

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all its Attention, it Sees, and Feels, and Hears, and Imagines, and Suſpects, and Penetrates, and Preſages perfectly well, ſo that nothing eſcapes it; and a Man would be apt to ſuſpect, that each of theſe *Paſſions* under its Conduct, have ſome ſtrange *Magical Power* peculiar to it. No *Cement* is ſo ſtrong, none ſo cloſe as its Engagements, which it attempts to break or diſſolve, but to little or no purpoſe, even when driven to it by the greateſt and moſt impending *Miſchiefs*. And yet it happens ſometimes, that what the continued Endeavours of many years were not able to accompliſh, a very little time and pains effects, which gives us juſt Ground to conclude, that its deſires are all kindled by its own hand, and owing more to it ſelf, than to the *Beauty*, or the worth of its *Object*; and that its own *Palate* gives them all their *Value*, and *Fancy*, is the falſe Gloſs that ſets them off. That it ſelf is the only Game it purſues, and its own Inclination the [illegible] it follows, rather than the *Objects* that ſute its Inclination; it is all extremes, and acts in the greateſt contradictions to it

it ſelf. It is Imperious and Submiſſive, Sincere and Hypocritical, Frank and Formal, Compaſſionate and Cruel, Cowardly and Couragious. It puts on different Inclinations according to the different Tempers, that diſpoſe and devote it, ſometimes to Honour, ſometimes to Riches, ſometimes to Pleaſure. It ſhifts theſe, as our Age, or our Fortunes, or our Experience change; but as to it ſelf, it is the ſame thing, whether it have one or more ſuch Inclinations, for it divides it ſelf to ſeveral, or collects and determines it ſelf entirely to one at pleaſure, and as occaſions offer themſelves. It is fickle, not only becauſe the things without us are unſtable, but from a thouſand inward *Cauſes*, entirely owing to it ſelf. Inconſtancy, Levity, Love of Novelty, Nauſeatings, and Diſguſts, and being tired with what it hath already, make it changeable every Moment. It is Whimſical and Humourſome, and you may ſometimes obſerve it taking infinite pains, and uſing the utmoſt Application and Zeal, for things that cannot be any advantage, nay

which are ſure to prove Prejudicial, and yet purſue them it will, merely becauſe it will have them. It is unaccountable and childiſh; and often buſies it ſelf about Trifles and Impertinencies; finds the greateſt Reliſh and Delight, in the flatteſt and moſt inſipid things, and reſerves all its eagerneſs and warmth for the meaneſt, and moſt contemptible. It enters into all *Qualities*, and all conditions of *Life*, it lives in every place, it lives upon every thing, nay it lives upon nothing; it ſerves it ſelf both of the Enjoyment of things, and of the want of them. It takes part with the very Men that make *War* upon it, and *Engages* in their Deſigns againſt it ſelf; and which is moſt ſurpriſing, it joins with them in the Hating of it ſelf, Plots to its own Diſadvantage, and Conſpires and Endeavours its own Deſtruction. In a word, all its care is to ſubſiſt, and rather than not be at all, it is content to be its own *Enemy*. We ought not therefore to think it ſtrange, if we meet it ſometimes in *Compunction* with the moſt rigorous Mortification, and find it entring boldly

boldly into *League* with this *Adversary*, to work its own *Ruine*; for at the same time, that it pulls it self down in one place, it builds it self up in another. When we think it renounces, and forsakes its pleasure, it only suspends or changes it; and, when we fancie it *Conquered*, and totally *Routed*, we find it rise Victorious, and its very Defeat contributes to its *Triumph*. This is the true Picture of *Self-love*, which is so predominant, that a mans whole life is but one continued Exercise and strong Agitation of it; the *Sea* indeed is a very sensible resemblance of this *Passion*, and the perpetual *Ebbings* and *Flowings* of the *Waves* there, are a lively and faithful *Emblem* of that restless Succession of *Thoughts*, and those Boisterous rowlings of the *Mind*, which are eternally caused and kept up by it.

III.

Self-love is the greatest Flatterer in the World.

IV.

When a Man hath travelled never so far, and discovered never so much in the

World of Self-love, yet ſtill the *Terra Incognita* will take up a conſiderable part of the *Map*.

V.

Self-love is more ingenious, than the moſt ingenious Man in the World.

VI.

The continuance of our Paſſions is no more in our own Power, than the term of our Life.

VII.

Paſſion very often makes the wiſeſt Men Fools, and very often too, inſpires the greateſt Fools with Wit.

VIII.

Thoſe great and glorious Actions, that even dazle our Eyes with their Luſtre, are repreſented by Politicians as the reſult of great Wiſdom and excellent deſign; whereas in truth, they are commonly the effects of Paſſion and Humour. Thus the War between *Auguſtus* and *Antony*, which is uſually thought to proceed from Greatneſs of Soul, and the Ambition

on each of them had to become Maſter of the World, was very probably no more than Envy and Emulation.

IX.

The Paſſions are the only Orators that are always ſucceſsfull in perſwading; they are a kind of Art in Nature that proceeds upon infallible Rules, and the plaineſt Man with the help of Paſſion, ſhall prevail more than the moſt Eloquent Man without it.

X.

There is in the Paſſions ſuch a conſtant tendency to private Intereſt and Injuſtice, that it is dangerous to be guided by them; and indeed, we ſhould not dare to truſt them, even then when they appear moſt fair and reaſonable.

XI.

The heart of Man ever finds a conſtant ſucceſſion of Paſſions, inſomuch, that the deſtroying and pulling down of one, proves generally to be nothing elſe, but the Production and the ſetting up of another.

XII.

The Passions (so odd a way of Breeding they have) do very often give birth to others of a nature most contrary and distant from their own. Thus Avarice sometimes brings forth Prodigality, and Prodigality Avarice: A Man's resolution is very often the effect of Levity, and his daring Boldness that of Cowardice and Fear.

XIII.

After all the care Men can take to conceal their Passions, and put them off under the dress of Piety and Honour, the disguise is too thin, and will be sure to discover all at one time or other.

XIV.

The love of our selves can better bear to have our Opinions condemned, than our Inclinations.

XV.

Men are not only apt to forget the kindnesses and injuries that have been done them, but which is a great deal

more,

more, they hate the Persons that have obliged them, and lay aside their resentments against those that have used them ill. The trouble of returning Favours, and revenging of Wrongs, is a slavery, it seems, which they can very hardly submit to.

XVI.

The Clemency of Princes is very often only a State-trick to gain upon the affections of their Subjects.

XVII.

That Clemency which the World crys up for such a mighty Vertue, proceeds sometimes from Ostentation, sometimes from Lazineſs and Neglect, very often from Fear, and almost always from a mixture of all these together.

XVIII.

The moderation of People in prosperity, is the effect of a smooth and composed Temper owing to the Calm of their good Fortune.

XIX.

Moderation is a fear of falling into that Envy and Contempt, which those who grow giddy with their good Fortune, most justly draw upon themselves; it is a kind of boasting the greatness of our mind, and in short, the moderation of Men in the most exalted Fortunes, is a desire to be thought above those things that have raised them so high.

XX.

No body is so weak, but he is strong enough to bear the misfortunes that he does not feel.

XXI.

The constancy of the Wise is nothing else, but the knack of concealing their Passion and Trouble.

XXII.

We often see Malefactors when they are led to Execution, put on Resolution and a Contempt of Death, which in truth is nothing else, but fearing to look it in the Face: So that this pretended Bravery may very truly be said to do the same good

good office to their mind, that the Handkerchief or Night-cap does to their Eyes.

XXIII.

Philosophy finds it an easie matter to vanquish past and future Evils, but the present are commonly too hard for it.

XXIV.

Very few People are acquainted with Death. They undergo it commonly, not so much out of Resolution, as Custom and Insensibility; and the greatest part of the World pretend they are content to die, only because they know they cannot help it.

XXV.

When great Men sink under the length of their misfortunes, this discovers that it was not the greatness of their Soul, but of their Ambition, that kept up their Spirits so long, and that, setting aside abundance of Vanity, Heroes are just like common Men.

XXVI.

It requires more Vertue to bear a good fortune than ill.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Death and the Sun are two things not to be looked upon with a ſteady Eye.

XXVIII.

Men are often ſo fooliſh as to boaſt, and value themſelves upon their Paſſions, even thoſe that are moſt vicious. But envy is a Paſſion ſo full of Cowardice and Shame, that no body ever had the confidence to own it.

XXIX.

There is ſomething to be ſaid for Jealouſie, becauſe this only deſigns the preſervation of ſome good, which we either have, or think we have a right to; but Envy is a rageing Madneſs that cannot be ſatisfied with the good of others.

XXX.

Our good Qualities expoſe us more to Hatred and Perſecution, than all the Ill we do.

XXXI.

We do not want ſtrength ſo much as will to uſe it; and very often the fanſy-

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ing things impoſſible to be done, is nothing elſe, but an excuſe of our own contriving, to reconcile our ſelves to our own Idleneſs.

XXXII.

If we had no defects of our own, we ſhould not take half ſo much ſatisfaction in obſerving thoſe of other people.

XXXIII.

Jealouſie is bred in doubts, when thoſe doubts change into certainties, then the Paſſion either ceaſes, or turns abſolute Madneſs.

XXXIV.

A Proud man can never be a loſer, no not even then when he renounces his Pride.

XXXV.

The being proud our ſelves, makes us complain of others, and uneaſie at their being ſo.

XXXVI.

All men are proud alike, the only difference is, that all do not take the ſame methods of ſhewing it.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

It looks like an indulgence of Nature to give us pride, that after she had taken such wise care to fit the Organs of the body for our happiness and convenience, we might be delivered from the trouble of knowing our own imperfections.

XXXVIII.

Pride hath a greater share than Goodness in the reproofs we give other people for their faults; and we chide them, not so much with a design to mend them, as to make them believe that we our selves are not guilty of them.

XXXIX.

We promise in proportion to our Hopes, and we keep in proportion to our Fears.

XL.

Interest speaks all manner of Languages, and acts all sorts of Parts; nay, even that of a man that hath no regard at all to Interest.

XLI.

XLI.

Intereſt makes ſome people Blind, and others quick-ſighted.

XLII.

They that uſe to employ their minds too much upon Trifles, commonly make themſelves incapable of any thing that is ſerious or great.

XLIII.

We have not ſtrength enough to follow our Reaſon ſo far as it would carry us.

XLIV.

A man often thinks he governs himſelf, when all the while he is governed and managed; and while his underſtanding directs to one deſign, his affections inſenſibly draw him into another.

XLV.

The ſtrength and weakneſs of a Man's mind are miſtaken and improper terms, for theſe are really no other than the Organs of our Bodies being well or ill diſpoſed.

XLVI.

XLVI.

The whimſicalneſs of our own humour, is a thouſand times more fickle and unaccountable, than what we blame ſo much in fortune.

XLVII.

The fondneſs or indifference that the Philoſophers expreſs'd for life, was purely a tang of the love of themſelves, which will no more bear reaſoning upon, than the reliſh of the Palate, or the choice of Colours.

XLVIII.

All the gifts of fortune are juſt as our own humour is pleaſed to rate them.

XLIX.

Happineſs does not conſiſt in the things themſelves, but in the reliſh we have of them; and a man hath attained to it when he enjoys what he loves and deſires himſelf, and not what other people think lovely and deſirable.

L.

Every mans good and ill fortune is conſtantly more or leſs, than he eſteems it.

LI.

People that are conceited of their own Merit, take a pride in being unfortunate, that ſo themſelves and others may think them conſiderable enough to be the envy and the mark of Fortune.

LII.

Nothing ought in reaſon to mortifie our Self-ſatisfaction, more than the conſidering that we condemn at one time, what we highly approve and commend at another.

LIII.

How different ſoever mens fortunes may be, there is always ſomething or other that balances the ill and the good, and makes all even at laſt.

LIV.

Though Nature be never ſo *Liberal*, yet can She not make a *Hero* alone. Fortune muſt contribute Her part too; and till both Concur, the Work cannot be perfected.

LV.

LV.

When the Philoſophers deſpiſed *Riches*, it was becauſe they had a mind to vindicate their own *Merit*, and take a *Revenge* upon the injuſtice of *Fortune*, by vilifying thoſe Enjoyments which She had not given them: This was a ſecret to ward off the *Contempt* that *Poverty* brings, a kind of winding By-path to get into the Eſteem of the *World*, and when *Riches* had not made them conſiderable, to make themſelves ſo ſome other way.

LVI.

We hate *Favourites*, becauſe we are fond of Favour our ſelves: The indignation we proteſt againſt others who are in Poſſeſſion, ſooths and ſoftens a little the concern for our own being excluded. And we deny to pay them our reſpects, becauſe we would fain, but cannot, take away that which makes them reſpected by all the *World* beſides.

LVII.

The common way to do ones Buſineſs, and riſe in the World, is to uſe all poſſible

ble means of perſwading People that ones Buſineſs is done already.

LVIII.

Though Men are apt to flatter and exalt themſelves with their *Great Atchievements*, yet theſe are in Truth very often owing, not ſo much to Deſign, as Chance.

LIX.

Our *Actions* ſeem to have their lucky and unlucky *Stars*, to which a great part of that *Blame*, and that *Commendation* is due, which is given to the *Actions* themſelves.

LX.

There is no accident ſo exquiſitely unfortunate, but wiſe Men will make ſome advantage of it; nor any ſo entirely fortunate, but *Fools* may turn it to their own prejudice.

LXI.

Fortune converts every thing to the advantage of her *Favourites*.

LXII.

Mens *Happineſs* and *Miſery* depends altogether as much upon their own *Humour*, as it does upon *Fortune*.

LXIII.

LXIII.

Sincerity is a certain openneſs of Heart. It is to be found but in very few, and what we commonly look upon to be ſo, is only a more cunning ſort of *Diſſimulation*, to inſinuate our ſelves into the Confidence of others.

LXIV.

Our averſion to a *Lye* is commonly a ſecret Ambition to make what we ſay conſiderable, and have every word received with a Religious reſpect.

LXV.

Truth has ſcarce done ſo much good in the *World*, as the falſe appearances of it have done hurt.

LXVI.

No Praiſes are thought too great for *Wiſdom*. And yet the higheſt pitch of it cannot enſure a Man the moſt inconſiderable event; the reaſon of which is, that Man is the Subject of its *Operation*, and he is the moſt fickle and changeable Creature in the World.

LXVII.

LXVII.

A wiſe Man ſhould order his Deſigns, and ſet all his Intereſts in their proper places. This Order is often diſturbed by a *fooliſh greedineſs*, which, while it puts us upon purſuing ſeveral things at once, makes us eager for matters of leſs conſideration; and while we graſp at trifles, we let go things of greater Value.

LXVIII.

Gracefulneſs is to the *Body*, what good Senſe is to the *Mind*.

LXIX.

It is very hard to give a juſt Definition of *Love*. The moſt we are able to ſay of it is this; That in the *Soul*, it is a deſire to *Govern*; in *Spirits* it is a *Sympathy*; and in the *Body*, it is only a ſecret Deſire, and a Curioſity to enjoy the thing *Beloved*, after a great deal of Buſtle and Formality.

LXX.

Love pure, and untainted with any other *Paſſion* (if ſuch a thing there be) lies hidden in the bottom of our *Heart*, ſo exceeding

LXIII.

Sincerity is a certain openness of Heart. It is to be found but in very few, and what we commonly look upon to be so, is only a more cunning sort of *Dissimulation*, to insinuate our selves into the Confidence of others.

LXIV.

Our aversion to a *Lye* is commonly a secret Ambition to make what we say considerable, and have every word received with a Religious respect.

LXV.

Truth has scarce done so much good in the *World*, as the false appearances of it have done hurt.

LXVI.

No Praises are thought too great for *Wisdom*. And yet the highest pitch of it cannot ensure a Man the most inconsiderable event; the reason of which is, that Man is the Subject of its *Operation*, and he is the most fickle and changeable Creature in the World.

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A wiſe Man ſhould order his Deſigns, and ſet all his Intereſts in their proper places. This Order is often diſturbed by a *fooliſh greedineſs*, which, while it puts us upon purſuing ſeveral things at once, makes us eager for matters of leſs conſideration; and while we graſp at trifles, we let go things of greater Value.

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Love pure, and untainted with any other *Paſſion* (if ſuch a thing there be) lies hidden in the bottom of our *Heart*, ſo exceeding

exceeding close that we scarce know it our selves.

LXXI.

It is not in the *Power* of any the most crafty *Dissimulation*, to conceal *Love* long where it really is, nor to *Counterfeit* it long where it is not.

LXXII.

Considering how little the beginning, or the ceasing to Love is in our own power, it is foolish and unreasonable for the Lover, or his Mistris, to complain of one anothers Inconstancy.

LXXIII.

If one were to Judge of Love, according to the greatest part of the effects it produces, it might very justly pass for Hatred, rather than Kindness.

LXXIV.

Some Ladies may be met with, who never had any Intrigue at all; But, it will be exceeding hard to find any, who have had one, and no more.

LXXV.

LXXV.

Love is one and the same in the Ori-
al; but there are a Thousand Copies
it, and it may be all differing from one
other.

LXXVI.

Love can no more continue without a
onstant Motion, than Fire can; and
hen once you take Hope and Fear a-
ay, you take from it its very Life and
ing.

LXXVII.

It is with True Love, as with Ghosts
nd Apparitions, a thing that every body
lks of, and scarce any body hath seen.

LXXVIII.

Love hath its Name borrowed by a
Vorld of dealings and affairs that are fa-
er'd upon it; when, alas! Love hath
o more concern in them, than the Doge
ath in what is done at *Venice*.

LXXIX.

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e Love of Justice, is onely the Fear of
ffering by Injustice.

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Some Ladies may be met with, who never had any Intrigue at all; But, it will be exceeding hard to find any, who have had one, and no more.

LXXV.

LXXV.

Love is one and the same in the Original; but there are a Thousand Copies of it, and it may be all differing from one another.

LXXVI.

Love can no more continue without a constant Motion, than Fire can; and when once you take Hope and Fear away, you take from it its very Life and Being.

LXXVII.

It is with True Love, as with Ghosts and Apparitions, a thing that every body talks of, and scarce any body hath seen.

LXXVIII.

Love hath its Name borrowed by a World of dealings and affairs that are father'd upon it; when, alas! Love hath no more concern in them, than the Doge hath in what is done at *Venice*.

LXXIX.

What the Generality of People call the Love of Justice, is onely the Fear of suffering by Injustice.

LXXX.

Silence is the best Security to that M who distrusts himself.

LXXXI.

The thing that makes our Friend ships so short and changeable, is, that t Qualities and Dispositions of the Soul very hard to be known, and those of t Understanding and Wit very easie.

LXXXII.

The most Disinterested Love is, aft all, but a kind of Bargain, in which t Dear Love of our own selves always pr poses to be the Gainer some way or o ther.

LXXXIII.

The Reconciliation of Enemies is com monly Mens desires to better their own Condition; a being Harassed, and Tire out with a State of War, and a Fear o some ill Accident, which they are willing to prevent.

LXXXIV.

When we have Loved our Selves weary, the kindest and most welcome thing

ning that can be, is some Act of Infidelity, which may fairly disengage our Affection.

LXXXV.

It is much less for a Man's Honour to distrust his Friends, than to be deceived by them.

LXXXVI.

We oftentimes fansie, that we Love Persons above us, when it is nothing but Interest that makes us fond of them. And all our Applications and Attendances are not so much upon the account of any good we desire to do them, as for what we expect and hope they may do us.

LXXXVII.

Our own Jealousie gives a fair pretence for the Knavery of other People.

LXXXVIII.

With what Face can we expect, another should keep our Secrets, when we cannot keep them our selves?

LXXXIX.

The Love of our Selves makes our Friends appear more or less Deserving in

Proportion to the Delight we take i
rhem; and the Measures by which w
judge of their Worth, depend upon th
Manner of their Converſing with us.

XC.

Every body complains for want of Me
mory; but you never find any body com
plain of the Weakneſs of his Judgment.

XCI.

When Idle men have indulged them
ſelves, as much as they think fit, no body
is then ſo full of haſt, and activity a
they, becauſe they hope this quickning o
others will give them the Reputation o
Diligence.

XCII.

The greateſt Ambition does not appear
leaſt ſo, when it finds what it would
fain aſpire to, abſolutely impoſſible to be
attained.

XCIII.

The diſabuſing a man ſtrongly poſſeſs'd
with an opinion of his own worth, is the ve
ry, ſame ill office, that was done the Fool at

Athens

Athens, who fansied, all the Ships that came into Harbour, were his own.

XCIV.

Old Folks love mightily to give good Advice, because this makes them some sort of Amends, for being incapable now of setting Ill Examples.

XCV.

Great Characters do really lessen, instead of exalting, those that know not how to maintain, and make them good.

XCVI.

That man, we may be sure, is a Person of true worth, whom, we find those who envy him most, are yet forced to commend.

XCVII.

It is an Argument, our own Affection is but small, when our Friends grow cold to us, and we are not sensible of it.

XCVIII.

The making a Difference between the *Wit* and the *Judgment*, is a *Vulgar Error*.

The *Judgment* is nothing else, but the *Exceeding Brightness* of the *Wit*; which, like *Light*, pierces into the very *Bottom of Things*; observes all that ought to be observed there, and Discovers what seemed so be past any bodies finding out. From whence we must conclude, that the *Energy* and *Extension* of this *Light* of the *Wit*, is the very thing, that produces all those effects, usually ascribed to the *Judgment*.

XCIX.

Every body takes upon him to give a good Character of his own *Courage*, but no body to speak well of his own *Wit*.

C.

The Polite Wit consists in Nice, Curious, and Commendable Thoughts.

CI.

The *Gallantry* of the *Wit* is Expresst in *Flattery* Well-couched.

CII.

It often happens, that some things offer themselves to our Wit, and are finer in

in the very first thought, than it is possible for a man to make them by the Additions of Art and Study.

CIII.

The Wit is constantly the *Cully* of the *Courage.*

CIV.

Many People are Acquainted with their own Wit, that are not Acquainted with their own Heart.

CV.

Men and *Actions* are like *Objects* of *Sight*, and have their nice points of being distinctly discerned. Some you must come very near to, to judge of them exactly, and others are better seen at a greater distance.

CVI.

He is not to pass for a Man of *Reason*, who stumbles upon *Reason* by chance, but he that knows and can Judge, and hath a true relish of it.

CVII.

It is necessary in order to know things throughly well, to know the particulars

of them; and these being infinite, make our Knowledge ever superficial and imperfect.

CVIII.

It is one kind *Coquet* humour, to put people always upon observing, that we are not *Coquet.*

CIX.

It is not in the power of the *Wit* to dissemble the Inclinations very long.

CX.

Heat of *Blood* makes young People change their *Inclinations* often, and *Custom* makes old ones keep to theirs a great while.

CXI.

There is nothing that Men are so free of, as their Advice.

CXII.

The more *Passionately* a Man loves his *Mistress*, the readier he is to hate *Her.*

CXIII.

The Defects of the *Understanding* are like those of the *Face*; the older People are, the worse they grow.

CXIV.

CXIV.

Matrimony is sometimes convenient, but never Delightful.

CXV.

Men are never to be comforted for the *Treachery* of their *Friends*, or the over reaching of their *Enemies*; and yet they are often very highly satisfied, to be both cheated and betrayed by their own selves.

CXVI.

It is as easie a matter to deceive a Man's self, and not be sensible of it, as it is hard to impose upon others, and yet for them not to be sensible of it.

CXVII.

Nothing betrays more want of *Sincerity*, than the methods commonly used in asking and receiving *Advice*. He that asks it, pretends to a respectful Deference for the Opinion of his *Friend*, and all the while only designs to have his own approved, and shelter his own *Actions* under the *Authority* of another; and he that gives it, returns these *Professions* with a pretend-

ed *Kindneſs* an' impartial *Zeal*, and yet hath generally no other end in the adviſing him, but his own *Intereſt* and *Honour*.

CXVIII.

The cunningeſt *Diſſimulation*, is when a Man pretends to be Caught, and a Man is never ſo eaſily over-reached, as when he is thinking to over-reach others.

CXIX.

An honeſt *Intention* of impoſing upon no Body, lays us open to be frequently impoſed upon our ſelves.

CXX.

We are ſo uſed to diſſemble with other *People*, that in time we come to Deceive and Diſſemble with our ſelves.

CXXI.

Treachery is oftner the Effect of *Weakneſs*, than of a fixed *Deſign*.

CXXII.

Men frequently do good, only to give themſelves opportunity of doing ill with greater Security.

CXXIII.

CXXIII.

The resistance we make to our *Passions* is owing to their *Weakness* more than our *Strength.*

CXXIV.

Men never would enjoy any *Pleasure*, if they never flattered themselves.

CXXV.

The most ingenious Men pretend to condemn tricking continually; but this is often done, that they may use it more conveniently themselves, when some great Occasion or Interest offers it self to them.

CXXVI.

To use crafty *Dealing*, is a sign of a little *Soul*; and it generally falls out, that he who conceals himself by it in one *Instance*, betrays himself as much by it in another.

CXXVII.

Tricks and *Treachery* are the practice of *Fools* that have not *Wit* enough to be *Honest.*

CXXVIII.

CXXVIII.

The most effectual way to be *Bubbled*, is to fansie ones self wiser than ones *Neighbours.*

CXXIX.

Too great a degree of *Subtilty* is counterfeit Exactness, and true Exactness is the best and most substantial *Subtilty.*

CXXX.

The being a *Blockhead* is sometimes the best security against being imposed upon by a Man of *Wit.*

CXXXI.

A weak mind is the only defect out of our power to mend.

CXXXII.

When once *Women* have given themselves over to make *Love*, the doing it on is the least fault they can be guilty of.

CXXXIII.

It is much easier to be wise in another Mans concern, than in ones own.

CXXXIV.

There are no good *Copies*, except such as expose the folly of *Bad Originals.*

CXXXV.

CXXXV.

Men become Ridiculous, not so much for the *Qualities* they have, as those they would be thought to have, when they really have them not.

CXXXVI.

A man at sometimes differs as much from himself, as he does from other people.

CXXXVII.

Abundance of Men would never have been in *Love*, if they had never been entertained with any Discourse of *Love*.

CXXXVIII.

They that speak without *Ostentation*, content themselves with saying but little.

CXXXIX.

Rather than say nothing, Men are content to speak ill of themselves.

CXL.

One reason, why we find so very few Men of *Sense* and agreable *Conversation*, is, That almost every bodies mind is more intent upon what he himself hath a mind to

to ſay, than upon making pertinent Replies to what the reſt of the *Company* ſay to him. The more *Ingenious* and *Complaiſant* ſort go no farther than pretending to hearken attentively; when at the ſame time, a Man may plainly ſee, that both their Eyes and their Mind are roving from what is ſaid to them, and poſting back again to what they long to be at themſelves. Whereas it ought to be conſidered, that to ſeek ones own Pleaſure ſo very *Paſſionately*, can never be the way either to pleaſe or perſwade others; and that diligent *Attention*, and proper *Repartees*, are the very things that accompliſh a man for Company.

CXLI.

A man of *Wit* would find himſelf ſometimes miſerably at a loſs, if there were no *Fools* to divert him with their Company.

CXLII.

We often brag of never being troubleſome to our ſelves, and are ſo vain as never to think our ſelves bad Company.

CXLIII.

CXLIII.

As great *Wits* have a peculiar Faculty of saying a great deal in a little; so half witted *Fellows* have a Talent of talking much, and yet saying nothing.

CXLIV.

The excellencies of other people are extolled and valued, more according to our own Opinions, than a just esteem of their worth; and when we pretend to commend other mens Vertues, 'tis by a side-wind to put other men upon commending ours.

CXLV.

No body loves to be upon the commending strain, and indeed we seldom touch upon it without some little By-end. Praise is a more ingenious, concealed, and nicer kind of Flattery, that consults the satisfaction both of the *Giver* and *Receiver*, though by very different ways the one accepts it, as a reward due to his desert; the other gives it, that he may be lookt upon as a Just and a Discreet Person.

CXLVI.

CXLVI.

We often chooſe to make uſe of Commendations, that carry a ſting in the Tail; and by taking men at the rebound (as it were) lay open ſome Defects in the Perſons ſo commended, which we dare not venture to expoſe any other way.

CXLVII.

The deſign of commending others, is uſually to be commended ones ſelf.

CXLVIII.

Few People have the *Wiſdom* to like Reproofs that would do them good, better than Praiſes that do them hurt.

CXLIX.

Some Cenſures are a *Commendation*, and ſome *Commendations* are no better than *Scandal*.

CL.

He that refuſes *Praiſes* the firſt time it is offered, does it, becauſe he would hear it a ſecond.

CLI.

The deſire of being worthy the Commendations of the World, is a great aſſiſtance

ſtance and ſtrengthning to our Virtues; and to extoll mens *Wit*, or *Courage*, or *Beauty*, is to contribute to the increaſe of them.

CLII.

It is an eaſier matter to manage others, than to keep from being managed ones ſelf.

CLIII.

If we did not Flatter our ſelves, all the Flatteries of other People could never hurt us.

CLIV.

We are beholding to *Nature* for *Worth* and *Parts*, but it is to *Fortune* that we owe the opportunities of exerting them.

CLV.

Fortune mends more *Faults* in us, than ever *Reaſon* would be able to do.

CLVI.

Some men diſpleaſe with *Merit*, and other Peoples very Faults and Defects are taking.

CLVII.

All that ſome People are good for, is the ſaying and doing fooliſh things *ſea-*

ſonably

ſonably and *uſefully*; and when they are once taken out of this *Road*, you quite ſpoil them, and they are worth nothing.

CLVIII.

Great mens *Honour* ought always to be meaſured by the *Methods* they made uſe of for the attaining it.

CLIX.

Kings put a value upon *Men*, as well as *Money*, and we are forced to take them both, not by weight, but according as they are pleaſed to Stamp them, and at the current rate of the Coin.

CLX.

It is not enough for *Men* to have great *Accompliſhments*, except they have the Art of uſing them too.

CLXI.

Though an *Action* be never ſo *Glorious* in it ſelf, it ought not to paſs for *Great*, if it be not the *Effect* of *Wiſdom* and good *Deſign*.

CLXII.

Whoever expects to have what he does turn to good account, muſt take care to pro-

proportion his *Actions*, and the ends he propoſes from them.

CLXIII.

If a *Man* hath the Addreſs of uſing moderate *Abilities* to the beſt *Advantage*, this Dexterity ſhall gain upon the *World*, and bring him oftentimes into greater *Reputation*, than real *Merit*.

CLXIV.

There are a *World* of Proceedings, that appear odd and ridiculous, which yet are grounded upon ſecret *Reaſons*, that are very Solid and Subſtantial.

CLXV.

It is eaſier for a *Man* to be thought fit for an *Employment* that he hath not, than for one that he ſtands already poſſeſt of, and is his proper Poſt.

CLXVI.

The eſteem of *Good Men* is the reward of our *Worth*, but the *Reputation* of the World in general, is the gift of our *Fate*.

CLXVII.

The appearances of Goodneſs and Deſert often meet with a greater reward from the

the World, than real Goodneſs and Deſert it ſelf.

CLXVIII.

Covetouſneſs is more oppoſite to Prudence and good Management, than Liberality is.

CLXIX.

Though *Hope* be exceeding deceitful, yet it is of this good uſe to us, that while we are Travelling through this Life, it conducts us an eaſier and more pleaſant way to our Journey's End.

CLXX.

Many People are kept within their Duty, becauſe they have not the Courage, or will not be at the pains of being wicked; and in ſuch caſes oftentimes our Vertue runs away with all the Praiſe.

CLXXI.

It is hard to Determine, whether a clear, open and honourable proceeding, be the reſult of good Principles, or a good Underſtanding.

CLXXII.

CLXXII.

Vertues are loſt in *Intereſt*, as Rivers are ſwallowed up in the *Sea*.

CLXXIII.

We are ſo ſtrongly poſſeſt with a good Opinion of our ſelves, that we take thoſe things for *Vertues*, which are no other than *Vices* that look like them, and ſuch as the *Love* of our ſelves impoſes upon us with.

CLXXIV.

There are ſeveral ſorts of *Curioſity*, one that proceeds from *Intereſt*, which puts us upon learning things that can be any way Uſeful and Beneficial to us; and another, from Pride, that comes from an *Itch* of knowing more than other People.

CLXXV.

A mans *Wits* are Employed to better purpoſe in bearing up under the misfortunes that lie upon him at preſent, than in foreſeeing thoſe that may come upon him hereafter.

CLXXVI.

CLXXVI.

Conſtancy in *Love* is a perpetual inconſtancy, which fixes our hearts faſt to all the accompliſhments of the party beloved ſucceſſively; ſometimes admiring one, and ſometimes another above all the reſt, ſo that this *Conſtancy* roves as far as it can, and is no better than *Inconſtancy*, confined within the compaſs of one Perſon.

CLXXVII.

Conſtancy in *Love* is of two ſorts, one is the effect of new Excellencies that are always preſenting themſelves afreſh, and attract our affections continually; the other is only from a point of *Honour*, and a taking a *Pride* not to change.

CLXXVIII.

Perſeverance is in Strictneſs, neither Praiſe-nor blame-worthy; for it ſeems to be only the laſting of certain Inclinations and Opinions, which men neither give nor take away from themſelves.

CLXXIX.

The love of new *Notions* and greater *Knowledge* is not ſo much from being wea-

ry

ry of what we had before, or any ſatisfaction there is in change, as it is the concern for being too little admired by thoſe that know us well, and the hope of being admired more by them that know us but little.

CLXXX.

We complain ſometimes that our *Friends* are Fickle, only to be beforehand with them, and juſtifie our own *Inconſtancy*.

CLXXXI.

Our *Repentances* are generally not ſo much a Concern and Remorſe for the Ills we have done, as a Dread of thoſe we were in danger of ſuffering.

CLXXXII.

There is an *Inconſtancy* that proceeds from an unſettled *Judgment*, a natural Levity and Weakneſs that eſpouſes all Opinions as they come, and thinks as other people think; and there is another much more excuſable, that ariſes from a diſlike and diſapproving of the things themſelves.

CLXXXIII.

CLXXXIII.

Vices are mingled with *Vertues*, just as poisonous *Ingredients* are put into *Medicines*. A wise and skilful Hand tempers them together, and makes excellent use of them against the misfortunes that attend *Humane Life*.

CLXXXIV.

Some *Crimes* get *Honour* and *Renown* by being committed with more *Pomp*, by a greater Number, and in a higher Degree of Wickedness than others. And hence it is, that publick *Robberies*, *Plunderings* and *Sackings* have been lookt upon as Excellencies and noble Atchievements, and the seizing whole *Countries*, though never so Unjustly and Barbarously, is dignified with the Glorious Name of gaining *Conquests*.

CLXXXV.

We confess our Faults, by that Sincerity to make amends for the Injury they have done us in the Esteem of others.

CLXXXVI.

Some *Heroes* have been accounted so for being greatly *Ill*, no less than others for being greatly *Good*.

CLXXXVII.

CLXXXVII.

We may Hate and Despise mens *Vices*, without any *Contempt* or *Malice* against their Persons; but it is impossible not to Despise those that have no kind of *Vertue* to recommend them.

CLXXXVIII.

The name and pretence of *Vertue* is as serviceable to ones *Interest*, as real *Vices*.

CLXXXIX.

The Health of the *Soul* is what we can be no more secure of, than that of our *Body*. And though a man may seem far from *Vice* and *Passion*, yet is he in as much Danger of Falling into them, as one in a perfect state of Health is of having a fit of Sickness.

CXC.

Nature seems at each Man's Birth to have markt out the bounds of every ones *Vertues* and *Vices*, and to have determined how Good or how Wicked that Man shall be capable of being.

CXCI.

None but Great Men are capable of being greatly ill.

CXCII.

Vices may be ſaid to take us from one to another in the Courſe of our lives, juſt as *Inn-keepers* where we Lodge upon a Journey do; and I Queſtion, whether if we could Travel the ſame Road twice over, the Experience of having been once ill uſed, would prevail with us to change our Houſe next time.

CXCIII.

When our *Vices* forſake us, we pleaſe our ſelves with an Opinion, that we parted firſt, and left them.

CXCIV.

The Diſtempers of the *Soul* have their Relapſes, as many and as dangerous as thoſe of the *Body*. And the Remedies we take, are oftentimes no perfect cure, but either an abatement of the ſame Diſeaſe, or the changing of that for another.

CXCV.

CXCV.

The *Defects* and *Faults* of the Mind are like Wounds in the *Body*; after all imaginable care hath been taken to heal them up, ſtill there will be a *Scar* left behind, and they are in continual Danger of breaking the Skin, and burſting out again.

CXCVI.

The only Reaſon why we do not give our ſelves entirely to one *Vice*, is oftentimes, becauſe our *Affections* are divided, and we are fond of ſeveral.

CXCVII.

We eaſily forget our *Faults*, when no body knows them but our ſelves.

CXCVIII.

Some Men are ſo good, that one cannot fairly believe any thing ill of them without the Demonſtration of ſeeing it our ſelves, but never any were ſo good, that we ſhould be aſtoniſhed when we do ſee it.

CXCIX.

We pull down one Man's *Reputation* to set up anothers; and sometimes Men would not be so copious in the praise of the *Prince*, and Monsieur *Turenne*, if it were not out of a design to lessen them both.

CC.

The desire to be thought a wise Man, oftentimes hinders ones coming to be really such.

CCI.

Vertue would not make such Advances, if there were not a little *Vanity* to bear it Company.

CCII.

He that fansies such a sufficiency in himself, that he can live without all the World, is mightily mistaken; but he that imagines himself so necessary, that other people cannot live without him, is a great deal more mistaken.

CCIII.

Those Men have but a counterfeit *Vertue*, who dissemble their Faults and hide them

them from others and themselves. The men of true unaffected Goodness know their own failings perfectly, and confess them freely.

CCIV.

He that would be a truely honest Man must be immoderately desirous of nothing.

CCV.

Niceness of Behaviour in *Women*, is only a Dress or Paint, which they use, the better to set off their *Beauty*.

CCVI.

Womens vertue is frequently nothing, but a regard to their own Quiet, and a tenderness for their *Reputation*.

CCVII.

There is no better proof of a man's being truly *Good*, than his desiring to be constantly under the observation of good Men.

CCVIII.

Folly dogs us every where, and at all times. If one Man seem wiser than his

Neighbours, it is only, becauſe his *Follies* are better ſuited to his Age and his *Fortune*.

CCIX.

There are a great many *Cullies* that know it, and make very good uſe of the weakneſs, and eaſineſs of their own *Temper*.

CCX.

He that lives without *Folly* is not ſo wiſe as he imagines.

CCXI.

Both *Folly* and *Wiſdom* come upon us with *Years*.

CCXII.

Some Men are like *Ballads*, that every body Sings at one time or other, though they be never ſo dull and inſipid.

CCXIII.

The generality of the *World* know no other way of judging Peoples worth, but by the *Vogue* they are in, or the fortunes they have met with.

CCXIV.

CCXIV.

The love of *Reputation*, the fear of *Shame*, the designs of promoting an *Interest*, the desire of making Life easie and convenient, and a longing to pull down some above us, are frequently the causes of that Valour so much cryed up in the *World*.

CCXV.

Valour in private *Soldiers* is a Hazardous Trade, which they have bound themselves too, to get their Livelihood.

CCXVI.

Compleat *Courage*, and absolute *Cowardice*, are extremes that very few Men fall into. The vast middle space contains all the intermediate Kinds, and degrees of *Courage*; and these differ as much from one another, as Mens Faces, or their Humours do. Some Men venture at all upon the first *Charge* or two, but if the *Action* continue, they cool, and are easily dejected. Some satisfie themselves with having done what in strict Honour was necessary, and will not be prevailed upon to advance one step farther. It is obser-

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vable, that some have not the command of their Fears, and not master them at all times alike. Others are some times carried away with a general *Consternation*; some throw themselves into the *Action*, because they dare not stay at their own *Post*. Now and then the being used to smaller Dangers hardens the *Courage*, and fits it for venturing upon greater. Some *Fellows* value not a *Sword* at all, but fear a *Musket-shot*; and others are as unconcerned at the Discharge of a *Musket*, and ready to run at the sight of a *Naked Sword*. All these *Courageous Men* of so many Sorts and Sizes, agree in this, that Night, as it adds to their fear, so it conceals what they do well or ill, and gives them opportunity of sparing themselves. And there is, besides this, another more general tenderness of a Man's self, for you meet with no body, even those that do most, but they would be capable of doing a great deal more still, if they could but be sure of coming off safe. Which makes it very plain, that let a Man be never so *Stout*, yet the fear of *Death* does certainly

mainly give some damp to his *Courage.*

CCXVII.

True *Valour* would do all that, when alone, that it could do, if all the *World* were by.

CCXVIII.

Fearlessness is a more than ordinary strength of *Mind*, that raises it above the Troubles, Disorders, and Emotions which the prospect of great Dangers are used to produce. And by this inward strength it is, that *Heroes* preserve themselves in a *Calm* and quiet *State*, enjoy a presence of *Mind*, and the free use of their Reason in the midst of those terrible Accidents, that amaze and confound other People.

CCXIX.

Hypocrisie is a sort of *Homage* which *Vice* pays to *Vertue.*

CCXX.

Most Men are willing to expose their Persons in an *Engagement*, for the love of *Honour*; but very few are content to expose themselves so far, as the design they

go upon requires, to render it Successful.

CCXXI.

The *Courage* of a great many Men, and the *Vertue* of a great many Women, are the effect of *Vanity*, *Shame*, and especially a suitable *Constitution.*

CCXXII.

Men are loth to lose their *Lives*, and yet they are desirous of getting *Honour* too, which is the reason why Men of *Gallantry* use more Dexterity and Wit to decline *Death*, than all your Religious *Knaves* do to secure their *Estates.*

CCXXIII.

There are very few Persons, but discover as soon as they come to decline in Years, where the chief failings lie, both of their *Body* and their *Mind.*

CCXXIV.

Gratitude among *Friends*, is like *Credit* among *Tradesmen*, it keeps Business up, and maintains the *Correspondence.* And we frequently pay not so much out of a Principle that we ought to discharge our *Debts*,

Debts, as to ſecure our ſelves a place to be truſted in another time.

CCXXV.

Some there are who have done all that can be expected by way of *Gratitude*, can be required from them by way of return, are not able for all that to pleaſe themſelves upon their being grateful, and which are not ſatisfied with what they have done.

CCXXVI.

That which occaſions ſo many miſtakes in the *Computations* of Men, when they expect returns for favours, is, that both the *Giver* and the *Receiver* are Proud, and ſo theſe two can never agree upon the value of the kindneſſes that have been done. The *Giver* over-reckons, and the *Receiver* undervalues them.

CCXXVII.

To be uneaſie, and make too much haſt to return an *Obligation*, is one ſort of *Ingratitude*.

CCXXVIII.

CCXXVIII.

Men find it more easie to set bounds to their Acknowledgments, than to their Hopes and their Desires.

CCXXIX.

Pride never can endure to be in *Debt*, and *Self-love* never cares to *Pay*.

CCXXX.

The good that we have received should qualifie for the ill that hath been done us.

CCXXXI.

Nothing is of so pestilent spreading a *Nature*, as Example; and no Man does any exceeding good, or very wicked thing; but it produces others of the same kind. The good we are carried to the imitation of by our *Emulation*, and the bad by the *Corruption* and *Malignity* of our *Nature*; which shame indeed confines and keeps up close, but Example unlocks its Chains, and lets it loose.

CCXXXII.

To think to be Wise alone, is a very great Folly.

CCXXXIII.

CCXXXIII.

Whatever other pretended cauſe we may father our *Afflictions* upon, it is very often nothing but *Intereſt*, and *Vanity*, that are the true cauſes of them.

CCXXXIV.

There are *Hypocriſies* of ſeveral kinds in our *Afflictions*; in one ſort, we pretend to lament the loſs of ſome *Friend* exceeding dear to us, and all the while this *Lamentation* is only for our ſelves. We are troubled to think our ſelves leſs Happy, leſs Eaſe, leſs Conſiderable, and leſs Valued, than we were before. Thus the *Dead* carry the Name and the Honour of thoſe Tears, that are ſhed only upon the account of the Living. And this I call *Hypocriſie* of one kind, becauſe in theſe *Afflictions*, People impoſe upon themſelves. There is another kind not ſo Harmleſs as this, becauſe that impoſes upon all the World. And this is the *Affliction* of a ſort of Perſons, that pretend to a *Decency*, and a never dying concern in their Grief. When *Time*, the *Waſter* of all things, hath worn

worn off the concern they really had, then they will needs be obſtinate in their *Sorrows*, and ſtill carry on their *Complaints* and their *Sighs*. They put on all the Characters of *Mourning* and *Sadneſs*, and take a great deal of pains by all their *Actions*, to make the World believe, their *Melancholy* can never have any *Reſt*, any *Ceſſation*, but in the *Grave*. This Diſmal, Tireſome, and Solemn Vanity is moſt uſual among Ambitious *Women*. Their Sex hath ſhut them out from all the common ways that lead to Honour, and that makes them attempt to ſignalize themſelves, by all this Pageantry of an *Affliction*, too deep to admit of any Comfort. There are yet another ſort of *Tears*, that have but ſhallow Springs, quickly and eaſily flow, and are as eaſily dryed up again; theſe are ſuch as weep to gain the Reputation of *Tenderneſs* and good *Nature*, ſuch as cry becauſe they would be pitied, ſuch as cry becauſe they would make other People cry; and in a word, ſuch as cry, only becauſe they are aſhamed not to cry.

CCXXXV.

Our concern for the loss of our *Friends*, is not always from a Sense of their *Worth*, but rather of our own occasions for them, and that we have lost some, who had a good Opinion of us.

CCXXXVI.

We are Easily *Comforted* for the Disgraces of our Friends, when they give us an occasion of Expressing our Tenderness for them.

CCXXXVII.

One would think, that Self-Love were Over-reached by Good-Nature and Vertue; and that a Man wholly Forgets and Neglects himself, when he is employ'd in Promoting the Advantage of Others. But, when all is done, this is the most effectual way of compassing a Man's own ends; it is putting out to Interest, when we pretend to Give Freely. In a word, it is Winning over the Affections of all, that know us, and gaining upon them by a more nice and dexterous way.

CCXXXVIII.

CCXXXVIII.

No Man deserves to be commended for his Vertue, who hath it not in his Power to be Wicked; all other Goodness is Generally no better than Sloth, or an Impotence in the Will.

CCXXXIX.

It is safer to do most Men Hurt, than to do them too much Good.

CCXL.

Nothing Imposes more upon our Pride, than the Intimacy and particular *Confidences* of Great Persons; for we look upon our selves as admitted to these by Vertue of our own Desert; and never consider, that it happens much oftner, from a particular Vanity in their Humour, or the not being able to keep a Secret. For indeed a Man may observe, that the Unbosoming ones Self to another, is a kind of Release to the Soul, which strives to Lighten its Burden, and find Ease, by throwing off the Weight that lay heavy upon it.

CCXLI.

CCXLI.

If we look upon Agreeableneſs diſtinct from Beauty, we may call it a ſort of Proportion, the Rules of which no body can poſitively define; a ſecret relation, and affinity of the Lines to one another, and of all theſe together, to the *Complexion* and *Air* of the Perſon.

CCXLII.

A *Coquet Humour* is the very Nature and Inheritance of Women. But all of them do not practiſe it, becauſe ſome are reſtrained, either by Fear, or by better Senſe.

CCXLIII.

We frequently bring others under an Inconveniency, when we think it impoſſible for us ever to do ſo.

CCXLIV.

There are but very few things Impoſſible in their own *Nature*; and we do not want Means to *Conquer Difficulties*, ſo much as *Application* and *Reſolution* in the Uſe of Means.

CCXLV.

CCXLV.

The Principal Point of *Wisdom*, is to Know How to *Value Things* Just as they Deserve.

CCXLVI.

It is a Great Act of *Wisdom* to be able to *Conceal* ones being *Wise*.

CCXLVII.

What we take for Generosity, is very often no other than *Ambition* well *Dissembled*, that scorns Mean Interests, onely to Pursue Greater.

CCXLVIII.

That which Most Men would put upon us for *Fidelity*, is onely a *Contrivance* of *Self-Love*, to make our Selves Trusted. It is a Trick to set our selves above other People, and get the *Most Important Matters* Deposited with us, upon a *Confidence*, that they are then in Safe Hands.

CCXLIX.

Magnanimity Despises all, that it may Grasp all.

CCL

CCL.

Eloquence is as much seen in the *Tone*, and *Cadence* of the *Voice*, as in the *Choice* of *Proper Expressions.*

CCLI.

True *Eloquence* consists in Saying all that is Fit to be Said; and Leaving Out all that is not Fit to be Said.

CCLII.

There are some Persons, upon whom their very *Faults* and *Failings* Sit Gracefully; and there are others, whose very *Excellencies* and *Accomplishments* do not Become them.

CCLIII.

It is as common for Men to Change their Palates, as it is unusual to see them Change their Inclinations.

CCLIV.

Interest is the Thing that puts Men upon Exercising their *Vertues* and *Vices* of All Kinds.

CCLV.

CCLV.

Humility is very often only the Putting on of a *Submission*, by which Men hope to bring other People to Submit to Them: It is a more Artificial sort of *Pride*, which Debases it self with a Design of being Exalted; and though this *Vice* Disguise and Transform it self into a Thousand several Shapes, yet this it never more effectually done, nor more capable of Deceiving the World, than when Concealed under a Form of *Humility*.

CCLVI.

The *Resentments* of the *Soul* have each of them their Tone and Cadence, of the *Voice*, their *Gestures* of the Body, and their *Forms* and *Air* peculiar to them; And, as this Propriety is Well or Ill observed, in the same Proportion the Persons Please, or Displease us.

CCLVII.

Men of all *Professions* Affect an Air and Outside, that may make them Appear what they are thought to be. So that a Man may say, That the whole World

World is made up of nothing but Formalities.

CCLVIII.

Gravity is a kind of Myſtical Behaviour in the Body, found out to Conceal, and Set Off the Defects of the Mind.

CCLIX.

There is an *Eloquence* in the Eyes, and the Air of a Man, no leſs Powerful and Perſwaſive, than that in Words.

CCLX.

The Pleaſure of Love is Loving; and a Man is more Happy in his own Paſſion for Another, than in that Another hath for Him.

CCLXI.

Civility is a deſire to be Civilly Uſed, and to be thought an Accompliſhed Well-bred Man.

CCLXII.

The Breeding we Give *Young People*, is but an Additional Self-Love, by which we make them have a Better Conceit of Themſelves.

CCLXIII.

CCLXIII.

Self-Love hath no-where a greater ſhare, nor is more predominant in any Paſſion, than in that of Love. And Men are always more diſpoſed to Sacrifice all the Eaſe of them they Love, than to part with any Degree of their Own.

CCLXIV.

What we call Liberality, is for the moſt part onely the Vanity of Giving; and we Exerciſe it, becauſe we are more Fond of that Vanity, than of the Thing we Give.

CCLXV.

Pity and Compaſſion is frequently a Senſe of our own Misfortunes, in thoſe of Other Men. It is an *Ingenious Foreſight* of the *Diſaſters* that may fall upon us hereafter; we Relieve Others, that they may Return the like, when our Own Occaſions call for it; and the Good Offices we Do Them, are, in Strict Speaking, ſo many Kindneſſes done to Our Selves Before-hand.

CCLXVI.

CCLXVI.

It is from a Weakneſs and Littleneſs of Soul, that Men are Stiff and Poſitive in their Opinions; and we are very loth to Believe, what we are not able to Comprehend, and make out to Our Selves.

CCLXVII.

It is a Mighty Error, to ſuppoſe, that none but Violent and Strong Paſſions, ſuch as *Love*, and *Ambition*, are able to Vanquiſh the reſt. Even *Idleneſs*, as Feeble and Languiſhing as it is, ſometimes reigns over Them; This Uſurps the Throne, and ſits Paramount over all the Deſigns and Actions of our Lives; and Inſenſibly waſts and deſtroys all our *Paſſions*, and all our *Vertues*.

CCLXVIII.

A readineſs to believe Ill, before we have duly Examined it, is the Effect of *Lazineſs* and *Pride*. Men are pleaſed to find Others to Blame, and loth to give Themſelves the Trouble of Enquiring, how far, and whether they are ſo, or not.

CCLXIX.

CCLXIX.

We refuse some Judges in Matters of less concern, and yet are content to have our Honour and Reputation depend upon the Judgment of People that are sure to be against us, for either their Jealousie, or their Prejudices, or their Ignorances will incline them to be so. And we should never expose our Ease, and our Lives, so many ways as we do, if it were not to Bribe Men to give Sentence in our Favour.

CCLXX.

There are but few Men Wise enough to know all the Mischief Wisdom does.

CCLXXI.

The honour we have already gotten is an Engagement upon us for that which we ought to get.

CCLXXII.

Youth is a continual Drunkenness, the very Fever of Reason.

CCLXXIII.

We love to spend our Judgments upon Other Peoples Destiny, but never care that they should spend Theirs upon Us.

CCLXXIV.

CCLXXIV.

There are a great many Men Valued in the World, who have nothing to Recommend Them, but Serviceable Vices.

CCLXXV.

The Living Strictly by Rule, for Preservation of *Health*, is one of the most Troublesome Diseases that can be.

CCLXXVI.

That Good Disposition which Boasts of being most tender, is often Stifled by the least Interest.

CCLXXVII.

Absence cools Moderate Passions, and Enflames Violent ones; Just as the Wind blows Out Candles, but Kindles Fires.

CCLXXVIII.

Women often Fansie themselves in Love, when there is no such Matter. The Diversion of an *Amour*, the Little Commotions that an Intrigue Raises in their Breasts; the Natural Inclination to be *Courted*, and the Trouble of Denying, makes them Fansie that what they Feel is Passion; when, in Truth, it is nothing but a *Coquet-Humour*.

CCLXXIX.

The Dislike we commonly have for Men that make Traffick and Gain their Business, arises from their being generally ready to Sacrifice all the Interest of their Friends, for Advancing the Interest of their Trade; which they make their own, by the Credit of having Succeeded in their Undertakings.

CCLXXX.

When we Enlarge upon the Tenderness our Friends have for us, this is very often, not so much out of a Sense of Gratitude, as from a Desire to Perswade People of our own Great Worth, that can Deserve so much Kindness.

CCLXXXI.

The Applause we give to Men, that are just Setting-Up for Reputation in the World, is often from a Spirit of Envy; and a Secret Way of Detracting from others, that have Established a Good Reputation to themselves already.

CCLXXXII.

Pride, that Inſpires us with ſo much Envy, is ſometimes of Uſe toward the Moderating it too.

CCLXXXIII.

There are ſome Counterfeits ſo very like Truths, that we ſhould injure our Judgments, not to Submit to the Cheat.

CCLXXXIV.

It is ſometimes as Great a Point of Wiſdom, to know how to make uſe of Good Advice from others, as to be able to Adviſe ones Self.

CCLXXXV.

There are ſome Wicked Men in the World, that would not be Able to do half ſo much hurt, if they had no Good Qualities to Recommend them.

CCLXXXVI.

Magnanimity is ſufficiently underſtood, and defined, by its very Name. But yet one may ſay, That it is the Wiſdom of Pride, the beſt and moſt Noble Method for the getting the *Commendations* of others.

CCLXXXVII.

No Man can truly Love a Second time the Person whom he hath once truly ceased to Love.

CCLXXXVIII.

The Different Methods for compassing the same Design, come not so much from the Fruitfulness of our Inventions, as from the Weakness of our Understandings; which makes us pitch upon every Fresh Matter that presents it self to our Fancy, and does not furnish us with Judgment sufficient to discern, at first sight, which of them is best, and most for our purpose.

CCLXXXIX.

Affected Plainness is but a Nicer and more Laboured *Cheat.*

CCXC.

The Humour occasions more Defects than the Understanding.

CCXCI.

Men's Deserts are like Fruits, for they have both of them their particular Seasons.

CCXCII.

CCXCII.

One may ſay of Mens Humours That they reſemble the Generality of Buildings, they have Several Proſpects, ſome of them Agreeable, and ſome much otherwiſe.

CCXCIII.

Moderation can never have the Honour of *Contending* with Ambition, and *Subduing* it; for they cannot poſſibly meet in the ſame Breaſt. Moderation is the Feebleneſs and Sloth of the Soul, whereas Ambition is the Warmth, and the Activity of it.

CCXCIV.

We always Love thoſe that Admire us, but we do not always Love thoſe that we Admire.

CCXCV.

We are very far from always knowing our own Minds.

CCXCVI.

It is a hard matter to Love thoſe, for whom we have not a Real Eſteem; and it is every whit as hard to Love Thoſe,

that we think a great deal better than our Selves.

CCXCVII.

The Humours of the Body have a *Constant Course*, and *Regular Motion*, that Insensibly draws our Will after it; they take their Rounds together, and Govern us by turns: So that our *Constitution* hath, in Truth, a very considerable share in all we do, though we cannot always perceive it.

CCXCVIII.

A great many Mens *Gratitude* is nothing else, but a secret desire to Hook in more valuable Kindnesses hereafter.

CCXCIX.

Almost every body takes a delight to return small *Favours*; a great many pay their acknowledgments for moderate ones, but there is scarce any body, but is unthankful for such as are Extraordinary.

CCC.

Some *Follies* like *Diseases*, are caught by *Infection*.

CCCI.

CCCI.

Abundance of Men despise *Riches*, but few know how to part with them.

CCCII.

It is in Matters of no great Moment commonly, where we venture, not to believe Probabilities.

CCCIII.

Whatever Men say in our own *Commendation*, they tell us nothing but what we knew before.

CCCIV.

We often forgive those that have *Injured* us, but we can never Pardon those that we have *Injured*.

CCCV.

Interest, upon which we commonly lay the Blame of all our ill Actions, oftentimes deserves the commendation due to our Good ones.

CCCVI.

A Man seldom finds People unthankful, till he ceases to be in a *Condition* of obliging them any farther.

CCCVII.

It is as commendable, for a Man to think well of himſelf when he is alone, as it is ridiculous to publiſh his doing it in all Companies.

CCCVIII.

Moderation is repreſented as a *Vertue*, with a deſign to reſtrain the Ambition of *Great Men*; and to perſwade thoſe of a meaner *Condition*, to be contented with a leſs proportion of *Merit*, and of *Fortune*.

CCCIX.

There are ſome Men cut out for *Fools*, that do not only make their *Follies* their choice; but are forced into them by *Fortune*, whether they will or no.

CCCX.

Such odd Accidents there are ſometimes, attending *Humane Life*, that a little Folly is neceſſary to help us well out of them.

CCCXI.

If there be ſuch Men as were never thought to be guilty of any thing Ridiculous, it is only becauſe they have not been nicely lookt into.

CCCXII.

CCCXII.

The reaſon why *Ladies* are eaſie in one anothers Company, is becauſe they never talk of any thing but themſelves.

CCCXIII.

What an odd thing it is, that our *Memories* ſhould ſerve us to recollect all the little *Circumſtances* that have happened to us; and yet that we ſhould not remember, how often we have told them over and over again, to one and the ſame Perſon.

CCCXIV.

The exceeding delight we take in diſcourſing about our ſelves, may well make us ſuſpect, that we allow but very little Pleaſure, to them that converſe with us.

CCCXV.

The Reaſon why we do not let our *Friends* ſee the very bottom of our *Hearts*, is, not ſo much, from any diſtruſt we have of them, as that we have of our ſelves.

CCCXVI.

Half-witted People can never be sincere.

CCCXVII.

The misfortune of obliging unthankful People is no very great misfortune, but to be obliged to a *Knave*, is one not to be endured.

CCCXVIII.

Some Remedies may be found to cure a Man of his *Folly*, but there are none that can reform a perverse Spirit.

CCCXIX.

No body can continue long, to think so respectfully of their *Friends* and *Benefactors* as they ought, if they allow themselves the liberty to talk often of their Faults.

CCCXX.

To commend *Princes* for *Vertues* which they have not, is only to take a safe way of abusing them.

CCCXXI.

We may ſooner be brought to *Love* them that *Hate* us, than them that *Love* us more than we deſire they ſhould do.

CCCXXII.

No body fears being deſpiſed, but thoſe that deſerve it.

CCCXXIII.

Our *Wiſdom* lies as much at the mercy of *Fortune*, as our Poſſeſſions do.

CCCXXIV.

Jealouſie is not ſo much from the *love* of another, as the *love* of our ſelves.

CCCXXV.

We oftentimes are comforted for misfortunes by the want of *Reaſon* and *Judgment*, which the ſtrength of *Reaſon* could not comfort us under.

CCCXXVI.

The expoſing of a Man and making him Ridiculous, diſhonours him more than a real diſhonour.

CCCXXVII.

CCCXXVII.

When we own ſmall *Faults*, it is with a deſign to make People believe, we have no great ones.

CCCXXVIII.

Envy is more capable of a *Reconciliation* than *Hatred.*

CCCXXIX.

Men fanſie ſometimes, they have an averſion to *Flattery*, when alas, it is only to the manner of expreſſing it.

CCCXXX.

As long as we Love we can Forgive.

CCCXXXI.

It is harder to continue Faithful, after good Succeſs, than after ill Uſage.

CCCXXXII.

Women are not ſenſible how exceeding *Coquet* they all are.

CCCXXXIII.

Women are never abſolutely reſerved, except where they have an Averſion.

CCCXXXIV.

CCCXXXIV.

Women can more eaſily conquer their *Paſſion*, than their Affectation of being courted and admired.

CCCXXXV.

Deceit goes generally farther in *Love*, than *Diſtruſt*.

CCCXXXVI.

There is one kind of *Love*, where the exceſs of it prevents Jealouſie.

CCCXXXVII.

Some good *Qualities* are like our *Senſes*, thoſe that never had the uſe of them, can never have any Notion of them.

CCCXXXVIII.

When our *Hatred* is too fierce, it ſubjects us to the Perſons we hate.

CCCXXXIX.

Our good and our ill Fortune are both reſented, in proportion to the *Love* we have for our ſelves.

CCCXL.

Moſt Womens wit tends more to the improving their *Folly*, than their *Reaſon*.

CCCXLI.

CCCVII.

It is no commendable, for a Man to think well of himself when he is alone, as it is ridiculous to publish his doing it in all Companies.

CCCVIII.

Moderation is represented as a *Vertue*, with a design to restrain the Ambition of *Great Men*; and to perswade those of a meaner *Condition*, to be contented with a less proportion of *Merit*, and of *Fortune*.

CCCIX.

There are some Men cut out for *Fools*, that do not only make their *Follies* their choice; but are forced into them by *Fortune*, whether they will or no.

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CCCXVI.

Half-witted People can never be ſincere.

CCCXVII.

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CCCXVIII.

Some Remedies may be found to cure a Man of his *Folly*, but there are none that can reform a perverſe Spirit.

CCCXIX.

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CCCXX.

To commend *Princes* for *Vertues* which they have not, is only to take a ſafe way of abuſing them.

CCCXXI.

We may sooner be brought to *Love* them that *Hate* us, than them that *Love* us more than we desire they should do.

CCCXXII.

No body fears being despised, but those that deserve it.

CCCXXIII.

Our *Wisdom* lies as much at the mercy of *Fortune*, as our Possessions do.

CCCXXIV.

Jealousie is not so much from the *love* of another, as the *love* of our selves.

CCCXXV.

We oftentimes are comforted for misfortunes by the want of *Reason* and *Judgment*, which the strength of *Reason* could not comfort us under.

CCCXXVI.

The exposing of a Man and making him Ridiculous, dishonours him more than a real dishonour.

CCCXXVII.

CCCXXVII.

When we own ſmall *Faults*, it is with a deſign to make People believe, we have no great ones.

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Envy is more capable of a *Reconciliation* than *Hatred.*

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Men fanſie ſometimes, they have an averſion to *Flattery*, when alas, it is only to the manner of expreſſing it.

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Women are not ſenſible how exceeding *Coquet* they all are.

CCCXXXIII.

Women are never abſolutely reſerved, except where they have an Averſion.

CCCXXXIV.

CCCXXXIV.

Women can more easily conquer their *Passion*, than their Affectation of being courted and admired.

CCCXXXV.

Deceit goes generally farther in *Love*, than *Distrust*.

CCCXXXVI.

There is one kind of *Love*, where the excess of it prevents Jealousie.

CCCXXXVII.

Some good *Qualities* are like our *Senses*, those that never had the use of them, can never have any Notion of them.

CCCXXXVIII.

When our *Hatred* is too fierce, it subjects us to the Persons we hate.

CCCXXXIX.

Our good and our ill Fortune are both resented, in proportion to the *Love* we have for our selves.

CCCXL.

Most Womens wit tends more to the improving their *Folly*, than their *Reason*.

CCCXLI.

CCCXLI.

The *Passions* of *Youth* are not much more *Enemies* to a Mans *Salvation*, than the Lukewarmness of Old Age.

CCCXLII.

The Twang of a Mans native *Country* sticks by him as much in his Mind, and Disposition, as it does in his Tone of Speaking.

CCCXLIII.

He that would make a Great Man, must learn to turn every Accident to some *Advantage*.

CCCXLIV.

The generality of Men are like *Plants*, that have secret *Vertues*, which are found out by *Chance*.

CCCXLV.

Opportunities make us known to others, and much more so to our selves.

CCCXLVI.

Women never can have any such thing as strict *Rules* in their *Mind*, and *Disposition*,

tion, if their *Constitution* be but consenting.

CCCXLVII.

We seldom meet with any *Wise Men*, except such as are of our own *Opinion*.

CCCXLVIII.

When a Man is in *Love*, one Doubts very often, what he most firmly believes.

CCCXLIX.

The greatest *Miracle Love* can work, is to cure People of their *Coquet* Humour.

CCCL.

The reason why we have so little Patience with those that have Tricked us, is because they fansie themselves, to have more Wit than we.

CCCLI.

When a Man is out of *Love* with himself, he finds it the hardest thing in the World to break it.

CCCLII.

We are generally weary of those Men most, whom we ought never to be weary of at all.

CCCLIII.

CCCLIII.

An accomplished Man may love Indiscreetly, but not Sottishly.

CCCLIV.

There are some *Faults*, which when Dexterously managed, make a brighter shew than *Vertue* it self.

CCCLV.

Some Men are more miss'd than lamented when we lose them; and others are very much lamented, and very little miss'd.

CCCLVI.

We very seldom commend any body in Goodness, except such as admire us.

CCCLVII.

Mean *Souls* are exceedingly struck with little things, but great *Souls* see them, and are not moved at all.

CCCLVIII.

Humility is the sure mark of *Christian Vertues*, without this we retain all our Faults still, and they are only covered over

ver with Pride, which hides them from other Mens *Observation*, and sometimes from our own too.

CCCLIX.

Unfaithfulness ought to quench our *Love* quite, and we do ill to be jealous when there is Reason; no body deserves the jealousie of another, who will give any just occasion for it.

CCCLX.

Small Faults whereby our selves were Sufferers, lessen the *Committers* of them in our Esteem, more than great ones committed against other People.

CCCLXI.

Jealousie is always born with *Love*, but it does not always die with it.

CCCLXII.

Most *Ladies* lament the Death of their *Lovers*; not so much because they loved them, as that they may be thought the more worthy to be beloved again.

CCCLXIII.

CCCLXIII.

The violences that other People use toward us, are oftentimes less painful, than those we commit upon our selves.

CCCLXIV.

It is a Rule generally known, not to talk much of ones *Wife*, but Men do not consider as they should, that they ought much less to talk of themselves.

CCCLXV.

Some good Qualities, if they be *Natural*, usually degenerate into Faults, and others again, are never complete, if they be acquired. For instance, a Man should learn good *Husbandry* in his *Estate* and his *Confidences*, from Reason and Experience only, if he would keep this quality from being *Vicious*; and on the other side, *Courage* and good *Nature* must be born with us, or we can never have them in any good degree.

CCCLXVI.

Though we pretend never so much to distrust the Sincerity of those we converse with,

with, yet ſtill we think they tell more Truth to us, than to any body elſe.

CCCLXVII.

There are very few honeſt *Women*, but what are weary of their Trade.

CCCLXVIII.

The generality of honeſt *Women* are like hid *Treaſures*, which are ſafe, only becauſe no body hath ſought after them.

CCCLXIX.

The force Men uſe to themſelves to hinder *Love*, is oftentimes more cruel, than the ſevereſt uſage from the party beloved.

CCCLXX.

Very few *Cowards* know the utmoſt of their own Fears.

CCCLXXI.

It is commonly the fault of People in *Love*, that they are not ſenſible when they ceaſe to be beloved.

CCCLXXII.

Nothing is ſo unwelcome a ſight as the Perſon we *Love*, when we have been *Coquetting* it with ſome body elſe.

CCCLXXIII.

CCCLXXIII.

There are ſome *Tears* that after they have cheated other People, carry on the deceit, and impoſe upon our very ſelves at laſt.

CCCLXXIV.

The Man that thinks he loves his *Miſtreſs* for her own ſake, is mightily miſtaken.

CCCLXXV.

A Man may bear his Faults pretty patiently, when he is hardned ſo far as to own them.

CCCLXXVI.

True *Friendſhip* deſtroys *Envy*, and true *Love* breaks a *Coquets* Humour.

CCCLXXVII.

The greateſt Fault of a *Penetrating Wit*, is not coming ſhort of the mark, but overſhooting it.

CCCLXXVIII.

Other Men may give us good *Advice*, but they cannot give us the *Wit* to make a wiſe uſe of it.

CCCLXXIX.

CCCLXXIX.

When our *Merit* lowers, our *Palate* lowers with it.

CCCLXXX.

Fortune makes our *Vertues* and *Vices* visible, just as Light does the objects of Sight.

CCCLXXXI.

When a Man forces himself to be constant in his *Love*, this is no better than *Inconstancy*.

CCCLXXXII.

Our Actions are like the last Syllables in *Words*, which every Man makes *Rhime* to what he thinks fit.

CCCLXXXIII.

The desire of talking of our selves, and shewing our failings on that side we are content they should be seen on, makes up a great part of our *Sincerity*.

CCCLXXXIV.

There is nothing deserves so much to be wondered at, as that Men should live so long, and wonder at any thing.

CCCLXXXV.

CCCLXXXV.

Men are as far from being satisfied with a great deal of *Love*, as with a little.

CCCLXXXVI.

No Men receive more Injuries and Affronts, than those that can least bear them.

CCCLXXXVII.

A *Block-head* hath not stuff enough to make a good Man of.

CCCLXXXVIII.

If *Vanity* do not quite over-turn our *Vertues*, yet at least it makes them Totter.

CCCLXXXIX.

We have no patience with other Peoples *Vanity*, because it is offensive to our own.

CCCXC.

Interest is more easily forgone than *Inclination.*

CCCXCI.

No body thinks *Fortune* so blind, as those she hath been least kind to.

CCCXCII.

CCCXCII.

We ſhould manage our ſelves with regard to our *Fortune*, as we do with regard to our *Health*; when good, enjoy and make the beſt of it; when ill, bear it patiently, and never take ſtrong *Phyſick* without an abſolute neceſſity.

CCCXCIII.

The Air of a *Citizen* is ſometimes loſt in an *Army*, but never in a *Court*.

CCCXCIV.

One Man may be too cunning for another, but no body can be too cunning for all the World beſides.

CCCXCV.

'Tis better for a Man ſometimes to be deceived in what he *Loves*, than to be undeceived.

CCCXCVI.

The firſt *Lover* is kept a long while, when no body can accuſe them of a ſecond.

CCCXCVII.

We have not the confidence to ſay in general terms, that our ſelves have no ill

Qualities,

Qualities, and that our Enemies have no good ones; but when we talk of particulars, we are pretty near thinking so.

CCCXCVIII.

Of all our Defaults, we are most easily reconciled to *Idleness*; we perswade our selves, that it sticks close to all the peaceable *Vertues*, and as for the rest, that it does not destroy any of them utterly, but only suspends the Exercise of them.

CCCXCIX.

There is a Sublimity of mind that hath no dependence upon *Fortune*. 'Tis a certain air of Authority, that seems to lay us out for great things, 'tis a value, which we insensibly set upon our selves, and by this quality it is, that we claim the respects of other People, as if they were our due; and this it is commonly, that raises us more above them, than either *Birth*, or *Honours*, or even *Desert* it self.

CCCC.

There is Worth sometimes without a greatness of *Soul*, but there is never a great

great Soul without ſome degree of Worth

CCCCI.

Greatneſs of Mind ſets off *Merit*, as good Dreſſing does handſome Perſons.

CCCCII.

Love is the leaſt part of a modiſh Courtſhip.

CCCCIII.

Fortune ſometimes makes our very *Failings* the means of raiſing us, and there are ſome troubleſome Fellows, who deſerve to be rewarded ſo far, as to have their Abſence purchaſed by preferments at a diſtance.

CCCCIV.

Nature ſeems to have treaſured up in every one of our Minds ſome ſecret *Talents*, and ſome one particular faculty which we are not ſenſible of; it is the privilege of the *Paſſions* alone to bring theſe to Light, and to direct us ſometimes to ſurer and more excellent Aims than it is poſſible for Art to do.

CCCCV.

We come altogether Fresh and Raw into the several Stages of *Life*, and notwithstanding we have lived so long, are as much to seek sometimes, as if we had never had any Experience at all.

CCCCVI.

Coquettes pretend to be jealous of their *Lovers*, only to conceal their *Envy* of other *Women*.

CCCCVII.

Those that are overtaken by any Subtilties of ours, do not seem near so Foolish and Ridiculous to us, as we our selves are in our own Opinion, when we have been outwitted by them.

CCCCVIII.

Nothing is more *Ridiculous* in old People, that have been *Handsome* formerly, than to forget, that they are not so still.

CCCCIX.

We should often blush for our very best *Actions*, if the World did but see all the motives upon which they were done.

CCCCX.

CCCCX.

The boldeſt ſtroke, and beſt act of Friendſhip, is not to diſcover our failings to a *Friend*, but to ſhew him his own.

CCCCXI.

The greateſt part of our Faults are more excuſable, than the Methods that are commonly taken to conceal them.

CCCCXII.

Though we have deſerved Shame never ſo much, yet it is almoſt always in our own Power, to recover our Reputation.

CCCCXIII.

After having expoſed the falſity of ſo many ſeeming *Vertues*, it is but reaſonable I ſhould add ſomewhat of that Deceit there is in the *Contempt* of Death. That *Contempt* of it I mean, which the Heathens pretended to derive from the ſtrength of *Nature*, and *Reaſon*, without any hope of a better Life to animate them. There is a great deal of difference between ſuffering Death with Bravery and Reſolution,

and slighting it. The former is very usual, but I very much suspect, that the other is never real and sincere. There hath been a great deal *Written*, 'tis confess'd, and as much as the *Subject* will bear, to prove, that *Death* is no Evil; and Men of very inferiour *Characters* as well as *Heroes* have furnisht us with a great many eminent Examples in confirmation of this Opinion. But still I am very much perswaded, that no wise Man ever believed so; and the trouble they are at to perswade others and themselves, shews plainly, that this was no such easie undertaking. There may be a great many Reasons, why Men should be out of conceit with Life; but there can be none, why we should despise Death: Even those, who run voluntarily upon it, do not reckon it so inconsiderable a matter, but are confounded, and decline it as much as others, if it approach them in any other shape, but that of their own chousing. The great Disparity observable between the *Courage* of a World of brave Men, hath no other Foundation than this, That they

they have different *Ideas* of Death, and that it appears more present to their Fancy upon some occasions, and at some times, than it does at others. Hence it is, that after having slighted what they did not know, they are afraid when they come to be better acquainted with it. If a Man would perswade himself, that it is not the very greatest of Evils, he must decline looking it in the Face, and considering all its Gastly *Circumstances*. The Wisest and the Bravest Men, are they that take the fairest and most Honourable Pretences, to avoid the consideration of it. But every Body that knows it as it really is, finds it to be a thing full of *Horrour*. The necessity of Dying, was what the *Philosophers* owed their *Constancy* of mind to; they thought when there was no Remedy, but a Man must go, it was best to go with a good *Grace*. And, since there was no possibility of making their lives *Eternal*, they would stick at nothing to make their Names so, and secure all that from the wreck, which was capable of being secured. Let us put the best

Face upon the matter we can, satisfie our selves with not Speaking all we think; and hope more from a happy *Constitution*, than all the feeble Reasonings, that gull us with a Fancy of our being able to meet Death unconcerned. The Honour of dying Gallantly, the Hope of being Lamented when we are gone, the Desire of leaving a good Name behind us, the Certainty of a Deliverance from the Miseries of the present Life, and of depending no longer upon a fickle and humoursome Fortune, are Remedies that we shall do well to make our best of.

But these, though they be no contemptible Remedies, yet we must not suppose they are infallible ones. They may help to put us in Heart, just as a poor *Hedge* in an *Engagement*, contributes to Encourage the *Soldiers* that are to March neer, where the Enemy are Firing behind it. While they are at a distance, they imagine, it may be a good Shelter, but when they come up to the place, experience convinces them it is but a thin Defence. 'Tis a vain Imagination, and too fatal

fatal a Flattery, to think that Death hath the same Face near at Hand, which we fansie him to have, while we view him at a Distance; and that our Reasonings which in Truth are weakness it self, will prove of so hardned a Temper as to hold out proof, and not yield to the severest of all *Tryals*. Besides, it shews we are but little acquainted with the Power of *Self-love*, when we imagine, that will do us any service toward the looking upon that very thing as a Trifle, which must of necessity be its utter Ruine; and Reason, in which we so often take Sanctuary, hath not the power upon this occasion to make us believe, what we wish to find true. So far from that, that this betrays us oftener than any other thing; and instead of animating us with a *Contempt* of Death, gives us a more lively Representation of all its *Terrour* and *Gastliness*. All it is able to do in our behalf, is only to Advise, that we would turn our Heads another way, and divert the thought by fixing our Eyes upon some other Objects. *Cato* and *Brutus* chose Noble ones indeed.

A Page not long ago satisfied himself with Dancing upon the *Scaffold*, whither he was brought to be Broke upon the Wheel. And thus, though in the Motives there was a vast difference, yet still the Effects were exactly the same. So true it is, that after all the disproportion between Great, and vulgar Minds, people of both sorts have given a World of instances, of meeting Death with the same unconcernedness. But still there is this difference observable betwixt them, that in the *Contempt* of Death which great Men express, the Desire and Love of Honour is the thing that blinds them; and in People of a meaner Capacity and Disposition, their Ignorance and Stupidity is the thing, that keeps them from seeing the greatness of the Evil they are to suffer, and leaves them at Liberty to take their thoughts off from this Subject, and place them upon something else.

New Moral Reflections.

PART II.

I.

A Man can never Please long, that hath but one sort of *Wit*.

II.

Fools and *Coxcombs* see all by their own Humour.

III.

Wit serves sometimes to make us play the *Fool* with greater *Confidence*.

IV.

Briskness, that encreases with *Old Age*, is but one Degree removed from *Folly*.

V.

The first cure in *Love* is always the best.

VI.

Young *Women* that would not be thought *Coquets*, and Old *Men* that would not be *Ridiculous*, should never talk of *Love*, as if they had any concern in it.

VII.

We may seem Great in an *Employment* below our *Desert*, but we very often look little in one that is too Big for us.

VIII.

We often in our Misfortunes take that for *Constancy* and *Patience*, which is only Dejection of Mind; we suffer without daring to hold up our *Heads*, just as *Cowards* let themselves be knockt o'th' *Head*, because they have not *Courage* to strike again.

IX.

Confidence goes farther in *Company*, than *Wit*.

X.

X.

All our *Passions* engage us in Faults; but those are the most Ridiculous ones, that Love makes us commit.

XI.

Few Men know how to be Old.

XII.

We value our selves, and take a pride in the Faults most distant from our own: when we are fickle and irresolute, we brag of being Obstinate and Peremptory.

XIII.

A *Penetrating Wit* hath an Air of Divination, which swells our *Vanity* more than any other Accomplishment of the Mind.

XIV.

The Beauty of *Novelty*, and the length of *Custom*, though so very opposite to one another, yet agree in this, that they both alike keep us from discovering the Faults of our Friends.

XV.

XV.

Moſt Friends grow weary of their *Friendſhip*, and moſt of their *Vows*.

XVI.

We eaſily forgive our Friends thoſe Faults, by which our ſelves are not offended.

XVII.

Women in *Love* can ſooner forgive great Indiſcretions, than ſmall Infidelities.

XVIII.

It is with an old *Love*, as it is with old *Age*, a Man lives to all the Miſeries, but is dead to all the Pleaſures of Life.

XIX.

Nothing hinders a thing from being *Natural*, ſo much as the ſtraining our ſelves to make it ſeem ſo.

XX.

When we commend good *Actions*, we make them in ſome meaſure our own.

XXI.

The ſureſt ſign of a noble *Diſpoſition*, is to have no Envy in ones *Nature*.

XXII.

XXII.

When our *Friends* have deceived us, there is nothing but indifference due to the Expreſſions of their Kindneſs; but ſtill we owe them a tender ſenſe of their Misfortunes.

XXIII.

Fortune and Humour govern the World.

XXIV.

It is eaſier to know what Mankind is in general, than what any one Man is in particular.

XXV.

A Mans worth is not to be eſteemed, ſo much according to his good *Qualities*, as according to the uſe he makes of them.

XXVI.

There is a kind of Acknowledgment, that does not only diſcharge us of all paſt *Obligations*, but makes our *Friends* our *Debtors* for new kindneſſes, while we pay what we are indebted for old ones.

XXVII.

XXVII.

We should desire very few things *Passionately*, if we did but perfectly know the Nature of the things we desire.

XXVIII.

The Reason why most *Women* have so little *Sense* of *Friendship*, is because this is but a cold and flat *Passion*, to those that have felt that of *Love*.

XXIX.

In *Friendship* as well as *Love*, Ignorance very often contributes more to our *Happiness*, than *Knowledge*.

XXX.

We attempt to Vindicate, and value our selves upon those Faults we have no design to mend.

XXXI.

The strongest *Passions* allow us some rest, but *Vanity* keeps us perpetually in Motion.

XXXII.

The older a *Fool* is, the worse he is.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

Irresolution is more opposite to *Virtue*, than *Vice*.

XXXIV.

The pains we feel from *Shame* and *Jealousie* are therefore so cutting, because *Vanity* can give us no Assistance in the bearing them.

XXXV.

Decency is the least of all *Laws*, and yet the most followed.

XXXVI.

A good Disposition finds it easier to submit to perverse ones, than to direct and manage them.

XXXVII.

When Fortune surprises a Man with a great Preferment, to which he is neither Advanced by Degrees, nor raised before by his own Hopes; it is scarce possible for one to behave himself well, and make the World think he deserves his *Character*.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

What we cut off from our other Faults, is very often but so much added to our Pride.

XXXIX.

There are no *Coxcombs* so troublesome, as those that have some *Wit*.

XL.

Every Man thinks himself in some one good Quality or other, equal to the Person he hath the highest esteem for.

XLI.

In affairs of *Consequence*, it is not a Mans Business so much to seek Occasions, as to make the best of those that offer themselves.

XLII.

Generally Speaking, it were a good saving Bargain, to renounce all the good Men said of us, upon *Condition* they would say no ill.

XLIII.

As much as the World is inclined to think ill of one another, we see them oftener

tener favourable to false Merit, than injurious to true.

XLIV.

A Man of *Wit* may sometimes be a *Coxcomb*, but a Man of *Judgment* never can.

XLV.

We shall get more by letting the *World* see us as we really are, than by striving to appear what we are not.

XLVI.

The Judgments our *Enemies* make concerning us, come nearer to the Truth, than those we pass concerning our selves.

XLVII.

Several Remedies are good to cure *Love*, but there is never a one of them Infallible.

XLVIII.

We none of us know the utmost that our *Passions* have the Power to make us do.

XLIX.

XLIX.

Old Age is a *Tyrant*, that forbids us all the Pleasures of Youth, upon pain of Death.

L.

The same Pride that disposes us to condemn the Faults we think our selves free from, inclines us to undervalue the good qualities we want.

LI.

The bewailing our Enemies misfortunes, is sometimes more the effect of *Pride* than of *Good Nature*; we express our Pity and Compassion, to make them know that we are above them.

LII.

It is impossible for us to love any thing without some respect to our selves; and we only consult our own *Inclination*, and our own Pleasure when we preferr our Friends before our own Interest, and yet this preference is the only thing, that can render *Friendship* perfect and sincere.

LIII.

What Men call *Friendſhip*, is no more than *Society*; 'tis only a mutual care of *Intereſts*, an exchange of good *Offices*. In a word, it is only a ſort of *Traffick*, in which *Self-love* ever propoſes to be the Gainer.

LIV.

There is an Exceſs both in *Happineſs* and *Miſery*, above our power of Senſation.

LV.

Innocence does not find near ſo much Protection, as Guilt.

LVI.

Of all violent *Paſſions*, that which does a *Woman* leaſt hurt, is *Love*.

LVII.

Vanity prevails with us to deny our ſelves, more than Reaſon can do.

LVIII.

There are ſome bad *Qualities*, that make great Accompliſhments.

LIX.

LIX.

Men never desire any thing very eagerly, which they desire only by the Dictates of Reason.

LX.

All our Qualities are Doubtful and Uncertain, both in Good and Evil; and they are almost all at the disposal of Time and Opportunity.

LXI.

At first Women love their *Lover*, but afterwards they love the *Passion* it self.

LXII.

Pride as well as other *Passions*, hath its unaccountable *Whimsies*; we are shamed to own our selves *Jealous*, when we are so; and yet afterwards we value our selves upon having been so, and for being capable of being so.

LXIII.

As uncommon a thing as true *Love* is, it is yet easier to find than true Friendship.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Few Womens *Worth* lasts longer than their *Beauty*.

LXV.

The greatest part of our intimate *Confidences*, proceed from a desire either to be Pitied or Admired.

LXVI.

Our *Envy* always lasts longer than the good Fortune of those we *Envy*.

LXVII.

The same *Resolution* which helps to resist *Love*, helps to make it more violent and lasting too. People of unsettled Minds are always driven about with *Passions*, but never absolutely filled with any.

LXVIII.

It is not in the Power of *Imagination* it self, to invent so many odd, and distant Contrarieties, as there are naturally in the Heart of every Man.

LXIX.

No Man can have a true Sweetness of *Temper* without *Constancy* and *Resolution*; they

they that seem to have it, have commonly, only an easiness that quickly turns Peevish and Sowre.

LXX.

Cowardice is a dangerous Fault to tell those of that we would have mend it.

LXXI.

It ought to be agreed on all hands for the Honour of *Vertue*, that Mens greatest Miseries, are such as their own *Vices* bring upon them.

LXXII.

True good Nature is a mighty *Rarety*; those that fansie they have it, are commonly no better than either weak, or complaisant.

LXXIII.

Idleness and Constancy fix the mind to what it finds easie and agreeable; this Habit always Confines and Cramps up our Notions, and no body was ever at the pains to stretch and carry his understanding, as far as it could go.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

We speak ill of other People, commonly not so much out of *Malice*, as *Pride*.

LXXV.

When the Soul is Ruffled by the remains of ones *Passion*, it is more disposed to entertain a new one, than when it is entirely cured, and at rest from all.

LXXVI.

Those that have had great *Passions*, find themselves perpetually Happy and Unhappy in being cured of them.

LXXVII.

There are fewer Men free from *Envy*, than void of *Interest*.

LXXVIII.

Our minds are as much given to *Laziness*, as our *Bodies*.

LXXIX.

The Composedness, or the Disorder of our *Humour*, does not depend so much upon the great and most considerable Accidents

dents of our Lives, as upon a suitable, or unsuitable Management of little things, that befall us every Day.

LXXX.

Though Men are extremely *Wicked*, yet they never had the *Confidence* to profess themselves Enemies to *Vertue*, and even when they take delight in persecuting it, they either pretend not to think it real, or forge some Faults, and lay to its charge.

LXXXI.

Men often go from *Love* to *Ambition*, but they seldom come back again from *Ambition* to *Love*.

LXXXII.

Extream *Covetousness* is generally mistaken; no *Passion* in the World so often misses of its Aim, nor is so much prevailed upon by the present, in prejudice to a future Interest.

LXXXIII.

Covetousness sometimes is the cause of quite contrary Effects. There are a world of People, that Sacrifice all their

their present Possessions to doubtful and distant Hopes; and others again slight great Advantages that are future, for the sake of some mean and pitiful gain in present.

LXXXIV.

One would think, Men could never suppose they had Faults enough, they are so perpetually adding to the number of them, by some particular Qualities which they affect to set themselves off with: and these they Cherish and Cultivate so carefully, that they come at last to be *Natural*, and past their Power to mend, though they would.

LXXXV.

Men are more sensible of their own *Failings* than we are apt to imagine; for they are seldom in the Wrong, when we hear them talk of their Conduct; the same Principle of *Self Love* that blinds them at other times, makes them quick sighted upon these *Occasions*, and shews them things in so true a light, that it forces them to suppress or disguise the

leaſt matters, that are liable to be Condemned.

LXXXVI.

When *Youngmen* come firſt into the *World*, it is fit they ſhould be either very *Modeſt* or very *Heavy*; for brisk Parts, and a compoſed Temper commonly turn to *Impertinence*.

LXXXVII.

Quarrels would never laſt long, if there were not Faults on both ſides.

LXXXVIII.

It ſignifies little for *Women* to be young, except they be Handſom, nor Handſom except they be young.

LXXXIX.

Some Perſons are ſo extreamly Whiffling and Inconſiderable, that they are as far from any real *Faults*, as they are from ſubſtantial *Vertues*.

XC.

A Ladies firſt *Intrigue* is never reckon'd, till ſhe admits of a ſecond.

XCI

XCI.

Some Men are so exceeding full of themselves, that when they fall in *Love*, they entertain themselves with their own *Passion*, instead of the Person they make *Love* to.

XCII.

Love, though a very agreeable *Passion*, pleases more by the ways it takes to shew it self, than it does upon its own Account.

XCIII.

A little Wit with a good Disposition is less Troublesome at long run, than a great deal of Wit with a perverse *Temper*.

XCIV.

Jealousie is the greatest of *Evils*, and meets with least pity from the Persons that occasion it.

XCV.

Men of *Indifferent* Parts are apt to Condemn every thing above their own *Capacity*.

XCVI.

Moſt *Youngmen* think they follow *Nature*, when they are Rough and ill Bred.

XCVII.

The Grace of being New is to *Love*, as the Gloſs is to the Fruits, it gives it a *Luſtre*, which is eaſily Defaced, and when once gone, never returns any more.

XCVIII.

If we look nicely into the ſeveral Effects of *Envy* it will be found to carry a Man more from his *Duty*, than *Intereſt* does.

XCIX.

Moſt men are aſhamed of having loved themſelves, when they leave off doing it.

C.

A Good taſt of things is more the effect of Judgment, than Wit.

CI.

Men are obſtinate in contradicting Opinions generally received, not ſo much becauſe they are Ignorant, as becauſe they

are Proud; thoſe that are on the right ſide have got the upper hand, and they Scorn to take up with the lower.

CII.

Proſperous Perſons ſeldom mend much; they always think themſelves in the right, ſo long as *Fortune* approves their ill Conduct.

CIII.

Nothing ſhould be a greater Humiliation, to Perſons that have deſerved great Praiſes, than the Trouble they are Eternally at, to make themſelves valued by poor and little things.

CIV.

Flattery is like falſe Money, and if it were not for our own *Vanity* could never paſs in Payment.

CV.

The ungratefull Man is leſs to blame for his *Ingratitude*, than the Perſon that laid the *Obligation* upon him.

CVI.

Our bad Qualities commonly take better in *Converſation*, than our good ones.

CVII.

Men would never live ſo long together in *Society*, and good *Correſpondence*, if they did not mutually make Fools of one another.

CVIII.

What we call *Paſſions*, are in Truth nothing elſe, but ſo many different Degees of Heat, and Cold in the Blood.

CIX.

Moderation in Proſperity is generally nothing elſe, but apprehenſion of the Shame that attends an indecent Tranſport, or the Fear of loſing what one hath.

CX.

Moderation is like Temperance, a Man would be well enough pleaſed to eat more, but only he is afraid it will not agree with his Health.

CXI.

CXI.

All the World thinks that a Fault in another, which they think ſo in themſelves.

CXII.

When Pride hath uſed all its Artifices, and appeared in all its Shapes, and played all the parts of *Humane Life*, as if it were grown weary of Diſguiſes, it pulls off the Mask, and ſhews its own true Face at laſt, and is known by its *Inſolence*. So that properly Speaking, *Inſolence* is the breaking out, the very Complexion, and true Diſcovery of *Pride*.

CXIII.

We are ſenſible only of ſtrong Tranſports, and extraordinary Emotions in our Humour and Conſtitution, as of Anger, when it is Violent, and very few diſcern that theſe Humours have a regular, and ſtated Courſe, which move our wills to different Actions by gentle and inſenſible Impreſſions. They go their rounds as it were, and command us by turns, ſo that a conſiderable part of what we do is theirs,

though we are not able to ſee how it is ſo.

CXIV.

One conſiderable part of Happineſs is to know how far a Man muſt be Unhappy.

CXV.

If a Man cannot find eaſe within himſelf, it is to very little purpoſe to ſeek it any where elſe.

CXVI.

No Man ſhould engage for what he will do, except he could anſwer for his Succeſs.

CXVII.

How ſhould we be able to ſay what will pleaſe us hereafter, when we ſcarce know exactly what we would have at preſent.

CXVIII.

Juſtice with many Men, is only the fear of having what is our own taken from us. This makes them tender of their

their Neighbours property, and carefull not to invade it. This fear holds Men in, within the compaſs of that Eſtate, which *Birth* or *Fortune* hath given them, and were it not for this, they would continually be making Incurſions upon one another.

CXIX.

Juſtice in well behaved *Judges*, is often only the love of their Preferment.

CXX.

The firſt motion of Joy for the Happineſs of our Friends, is not alwaies the Effect either of *Good Nature*, or *Friendſhip*, but of *Self-love*, which flatters us with the Hope, that our turn of being Happy is coming, or that we ſhall reap ſome Benefit from their *Good Fortune*.

CXXI.

As if the power of Transforming it ſelf were ſmall, *Self-love* does frequently transform its Objects too; and that after a very ſtrange manner. It not only diſguiſes them ſo Artificially, as to deceive it

ſelf, but it perfectly alters the Nature and Condition of the things themſelves. Thus when any Perſon acts in oppoſition to us, *Self-love* paſſes Sentence upon every Action with the utmoſt Rigour of Juſtice; it aggravates every Defect of his, and makes it look *Monſtrous* and *Horrible*; and it ſets all his Excellencies in ſo ill a Light, that they look more Diſagreeable than his Defects. And yet when any of our Affairs brings this Perſon back again to Reconciliation and Favour, the ſatisfaction we receive preſently reſtores his Merit, and allows him all that our Averſion ſo lately took from him. His ill *Qualities* are utterly forgot, and his good ones appear with greater *Luſtre* than before; nay, we ſummon all our Indulgence and Partiality to excuſe and juſtifie the quarrel he formerly had againſt us. This is a Truth atteſted by every *Paſſion*, but none gives ſuch clear Evidence of it as *Love*. For we find the *Lover*, when full of *Rage* and *Revenge* at the Neglect or the Unfaithfulneſs of his Miſtreſs, yet lay by all the violence of his Reſentments, and one view of

of her calms his *Passions* again. His Transport and Joy pronounces this *Beauty* innocent, accuses himself alone, and condemns nothing but his own condemning her before. By this strange *Magical Power* of *Self-love*, the blackest and basest Actions of his Mistress are made White and Innocent, and he takes the fault off from Her to lay it upon Himself.

CXXII.

The most pernicious Effect of *Pride*, is, That it blinds Mens Eyes; for this cherishes and increases the *Vice*, and will not let us see any of those Remedies, that might either soften our Misfortunes, or correct our Extravagances.

CXXIII.

When once Men are past all Hopes of finding Reason from others, they grow past all reason themselves.

CXXIV.

The Philosophers, and especially *Seneca*, did not remove Mens Faults by their Instructions, but only directed them to con-

contribute the more to the ſetting up their Pride.

CXXV.

The wiſeſt Men commonly ſhew themſelves ſo in leſs matters, and generally fail in thoſe of the greateſt Conſequence.

CXXVI.

The niceſt Folly proceeds from the niceſt Wiſdom.

CXXVII.

Sobriety is very often only a Fondneſs of Health, and the Effect of a weak Conſtitution, which will not bear Intemperance.

CXXVIII.

A Man never forgets things ſo effectually, as when he hath talked himſelf weary of them.

CXXIX.

That modeſty that would ſeem to decline Praiſe, is at the bottom only a deſire of having it better expreſs'd.

CXXX.

CXXX.

There is this good at least in Commendation, that it helps to confirm Men in the practice of *Vertue.*

CXXXI.

We are to blame not to distinguish between the several sorts of Anger, for there is one kind of it Light and Harmless, and the result of a warm Complexion; and another kind exceeding Vicious, which, if we would call it by its right Name, is the very *Rage* and *Madness* of *Pride.*

CXXXII.

Great *Souls* are not distinguished by having less *Passion*, and more *Vertue*; but by having Nobler and Greater Designs, than the *Vulgar.*

CXXXIII.

Self-love makes more Men Cruel, than natural Sternness, and a rough Temper.

CXXXIV.

Every Man that hath some *Vices* is not Despised, but every Man that hath no Vertue

Vertue is and ought to be despised.

CXXXV.

Those that find no Disposition in themselves to be guilty of great Faults, are not apt upon slight grounds to suspect others of them.

CXXXVI.

Pompous *Funerals* are made more out of a design to gratifie the vanity of the Living, than to do any Honour to the *Dead.*

CXXXVII.

In the midst of all the uncertain and various accidents in the World, we may discern a secret Connexion, a certain Method, and regular Order, constantly observed by *Providence*; which brings every thing in in its due place, and makes all contribute to the fullfilling the Ends appointed for it.

CXXXVIII.

Fearlessness is requisite to Busy up the mind in *Wickedness*, and *Conspiracies*, but Valour is sufficient to give a Man con-

stancy

ſtancy of mind in Honourable Actions, and the Hazards of War.

CXXXIX.

No Man can engage for his own Courage, who was never in any Danger that might put it upon the Tryal.

CXL.

Imitation always ſucceeds ill; and even thoſe things which when *Natural* are moſt graceful and charming, when put on, and affected, we Nauſeate and Deſpiſe.

CXLI.

Goodneſs when Univerſal, and ſhewed to all the *World* without diſtinction, is very hardly known from great Cunning and Addreſs.

CXLII.

The way to be always ſafe, is to poſſeſs other People with an Opinion, that they can never do an ill thing to us, without ſuffering for it.

CXLIII.

CXLIII.

A Man's own Confidence in himſelf makes up a great part of that Truſt which he hath in others.

CXLIV.

There is a kind of General Revolution, not more viſible in the turn it gives to the fortunes of the *World*, than it is in the Change of Mens Underſtandings, and the Different reliſh of *Wit*.

CXLV.

Magnanimity is a bold ſtroke of *Pride*, by which a Man gets above himſelf, in order to get above every thing elſe.

CXLVI.

Luxury and too great Delicacy in a State, is a ſure ſign that their Affairs are in a declining Condition, for when Men are ſo Nice and Curious in their own concerns, they mind nothing but private Intereſt, and take off all their care from the Publick.

CXLVII.

CXLVII.

Of all the *Passions* we are exposed to, none is more concealed from our Knowledge than Idleness. It is the most Violent, and the most Mischievous of any, and yet at the same time its Violence we are never sensible of, and the damage we sustain by it is very seldom seen. If we consider its Power carefully, it will be found upon all Occasions to Reign absolute over all our Sentiments, our Interests, and our Pleasures. This is a *Remora* that can stop the largest Ships, and a *Calm* of worse consequence to our Affairs, than any *Rocks*, and *Storms*. The Ease and Quiet of Sloth, is a secret charm upon the *Soul*, to suspend its most eager pursuits, and shakes its most peremptory Resolutions. In a Word, to give a true Image of this *Passion*, we must say, that it is a supposed Felicity of the *Soul*, that makes her easie under all her Losses, and supplies the Place of all her Enjoyments and Advantages.

CXLVIII.

CXLVIII.

[There are several Vertues made up of many different Actions, cast into such a convenient Order by *Fortune*, as she thought fit.

CXLIX.

Most Women yield more through Weakness than *Passion*; and this is the *Reason*, that bold daring Men commonly succeed better than others, who have as much, or more Merit to recommend them.

CL.

The Sincerity, which *Lovers* and their *Ladies* Bargain for, in agreeing to tell one another, when they can *Love* no longer, is not asked so much out of a desire to be Satisfied, when their *Love* is at an End; as to be the better assured, that *Love* does really continue, so long as they are told nothing to the contrary.

CLI.

Love cannot be compared to any thing more properly, than to a *Fever*; for in both

both Cases, both the Degree, and the continuance of the Disease is out of a Man's own Power.

CLII.

Most young People impute that Behaviour to a *Natural* and easie Fashion, which in Truth proceeds from no other Cause, than the Want of good Breeding and good Sense.

Maxims

Maxims and Mixed Thoughts.

PART III.

Maxims.

I.

AS nothing betrays greater weakneſs and want of *Reaſon* than to ſubmit ones Judgment to another Man's without any Examination, or Conſideration of our own; ſo nothing Argues a great *Spirit*, and true *Wiſdom*, more than the ſubmitting to Almighty God with an abſolute and implicit Faith, and believing whatever he ſaies upon the ſingle Authority of his own Word.

II.

True worth does not depend upon Times

Times nor Fashions. They that have only the Advantage of a *Court Air*, any where else are no better than their Neighbours. But good *Sence*, *Learning*, and *Wisdom*, are Qualifications that recommend a Man, and make him *Valued* every where, and at all times.

III.

Instead of applying our selves to know others, we mind nothing else, but the making our selves known. It would turn to much better Account, to hear and so get more Knowledge; than to talk all, that we may Publish what we have got already.

IV.

It is sometimes of great *Use* for a Man to pretend he is Deceived: For when we let a Subtile Fellow see that we are sensible of his Tricks, it gives him *Occasion* to play more.

V.

Men Judge of things so very Slightly and Superficially, that the most Ordinary *Words*

Words and *Actions* ſet off with a good Grace, and ſome little Knowledge how matters go in the World, very often take more, than the moſt Profound *Wiſdom.*

VI.

To be very much diſſatisfied with a Man's ſelf is a Weakneſs. But to be highly pleaſed with ones Self, is downright *Folly.*

VII.

Men of mean *Capacities*, and ill *Breeding*, but eſpecially your half witted Fellows, and dablers in Books, are moſt apt to be Stiff and Peremptory. None but manly *Souls* can unſay what they have ſaid, and forſake an Errour when they find themſelves on the wrong ſide.

VIII.

A Man's greateſt *Wiſdom* conſiſts in being acquainted with his own *Follies.*

IX.

Honeſty and *Sincerity* in our Dealings puts ill Men out of their Byaſs, it breaks all

all their Meaſures by which they hoped to compaſs their Ends; for Knaves commonly think, that nothing can be done, but by Knavery.

X.

It is a hard task upon Knaves to be perpetually Employed in concealing their own Want of *Sincerity*, and making amends for the breaches of their *Promiſe*.

XI.

They that do all by Tricking, ought however to conſult their own *Reaſon* ſo far, as to convince themſelves, that ſuch a Behaviour cannot go long undetected where Men are Ingenious, and always upon the Watch to diſcover them; tho' they may ſee fit to pretend they are impoſed upon for a while, only to Diſſemble their being ſenſible of the Cheat.

XII.

Our Kindneſſes ſometimes create us more *Enemies*, and the Ungrateful Man is ſeldom ſo by halves; for he is not ſatisfied with not paying the acknowledgement

ment that is due; but is uneasy, that his *Benefactor* lives a Witness of his *Ingratitude.*

XIII.

Nothing can give us so just a Notion of the depravity of Mankind in General, as an exact Knowledge of our own Corruptions in particular. If we reflect upon our Thoughts, we shall find the seeds of all *Vice* within our own Breasts, and if we do not act it all, yet 'tis plain we are moved to it. For there is no kind of ill, but *Self-Love* offers to us to make Use of as *Occasion* shall serve. And few are so *Vertuous* as to be above Temptation.

XIV.

Riches do by no means teach us to be less fond of Riches. The possessing of a Abundance is very far from giving us the quiet, that there is in not desiring them.

XV.

None but little Souls are disturbed at having their *Ignorance* Reproved, and the Reason

Reaſon is, That being generally very *Blind*, and *Fooliſh*, they never trouble themſelves with *Doubts*, and are fully ſatisfied, they ſee thoſe things clearly which they have but a very Dark and imperfect Senſe of, and ſee only through the thick Miſt of a clouded Underſtanding.

XVI.

It is every whit as unreaſonable, for a Man to accuſe himſelf for his Faults extravagantly, as it is to excuſe himſelf ſo. Thoſe that blame themſelves ſo very much, do it very often, becauſe they cannot endure to be Blamed by any body elſe; or elſe out of a vain Humour, to perſwade People that they are duly ſenſible of their own Failings.

XVII.

It argues great Wiſdom to owne our own Faults and our Perfections ſincerely. And is a weakneſs, not to allow both the Good and the Bad Qualities that we really have.

XVIII.

The World is so fond of every thing, that is fresh and uncommon, that Men take secret Pleasure, and find Entertainment, even in the sight of the *Dismallest* and most tragical *Accidents*; and that, partly because they are New, and partly from a principal of ill Nature that is in us.

XIX.

Men might come to a tolerable good Knowledge of themselves, but they seldom take the pains of enquiring into themselves, so much as is necessary for the attaining it; and they are more Sollicitous to be thought what they should be, than really to be what they should be.

XX.

If People were but as carefull to be what they ought, as to seem so and impose upon others, by concealing what in truth they are; they might shew themselves boldly, and save a world of trouble which *Dissimulation* puts them to.

XXI.

XXI.

There is no Man, but may find great Advantage from *Learning*; but then it is as true, that there are few who do not find great prejudice too, from the Notions they acquire by Studies, except they uſe them, as if they were natural to them.

XXII.

There is a certain Temper very nice to hit, in our Courage to Perſons above us, ſo as to allow our ſelves all the Freedom, that is neceſſary to divert and entertain them; and yet to take none that may be any way offenſive, or break in upon the Honour and Reſpect due to their Quality.

XXIII.

Men are often more deſirous to ſeem forward and buſie to ſerve others, than to be ſucceſsfull in it, and had rather have it in their power to upbraid their Friends with an Obligation, than really to oblige them.]

XXIV.

Men are sometimes beholding to want of Judgment for good Success, for a judicious Person would not venture upon several attempts, which mere want of Consideration frequently makes Men Fortunate in.

XXV.

Former times are sometimes cryed up, only to run down the present, and we value what is now no more, that we may slight that which is.

XXVI.

There is a kind of commanding *Power*, in Mens manner of Speaking, and in their Actions; some thing that makes its own way where ever it comes, and engages respect and attention before Hand. It is of use upon all occasions, and so great, as even to carry whatever one hath a mind to.

XXVII.

This commanding Faculty, so usefull upon all occasions, is no other, than a grace-

graceſull Authority proceeding from a *Greatneſs* and *Elevation* of *Soul.*

XXVIII.

Self-love is often cheated by its own ſelf; for when it conſiders its own *Intereſts* it ſo wholly overlooks, the *Intereſt* of others, as thereby to loſe all the Advantage, that might be made, by the Exchange of kindneſſes between *Man* and *Man.*

XXIX.

All the World are ſo entirely taken up with their own *Paſſions*, and their own *Intereſts*, that they are Eternally full of them in all their Diſcourſe, without ever concerning themſelves with the *Paſſion* or *Intereſt* of the Perſons they ſpeak to, tho they too have the ſame occaſion for *Audience* and *Aſſiſtance.*

XXX.

The Ties of *Vertue* ought to be more Sacred and Cloſe, than thoſe of *Blood.* For one good Man is nearer of Kin to another by the Reſemblance of their man-

ners, than *Father* and *Son* are by the Resemblance of *Faces*.

XXXI.

One great Reason, why we meet with so few agreeable Persons, and that Converse like Men of *Sense*, is, That almost every Body is more intent upon what himself hath a mind to say, than upon making pertinent Replies to what the rest of the *Company* say to him. Those that are most *Complaisant*, go no farther than pretending to hearken Attentively, when at the same time a Man may plainly see, that both their Eyes and their Minds are roving, from what is said to them, and posting back again to what they long to be at themselves. Whereas we ought to know, that to seek ones own Pleasure so very *Passionately*, can never be the way to please the *Company*. And that Diligent Attention and proper Repartees are a much greater Accomplishment, than discoursing never so well, when this is done without ever attending, or answering to the matter then in Hand.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Good Fortune almoſt alwaies alters the Proceedings and the Air of a Man, and makes him quite another thing in all his Behaviour and Converſation. This is a great weakneſs to trick and ſet ones ſelf off with what is not our own. If *Vertue* were eſteemed above all other things, no Favour, no Advancement would be able to change Men either in their *Temper* or their *Countenance.*

XXXIII.

We ſhould uſe our ſelves to other Peoples Follies, and not take offence at every *Impertinence*, that paſſes in our Company.

XXXIV.

A great Soul takes whatever Happens, and there is as much Wiſdom in bearing with other Peoples *Defects*, as in being ſenſible of their good *Qualities.*

XXXV.

It is a great Argument of an extraordinary Judgment, when a Man is able to

diſcover, what is in anothers Breaſt, and to conceal what is in his own.

XXXVI.

Talking all is ſo great a Fault, that in *Buſineſs* and *Converſation*, if what is good be ſhort, it is for that reaſon doubly good; and a Man gains that by Brevity, which would often be loſt by being Tedious.

XXXVII.

We generally gain an Aſcendant, and are Maſters over thoſe we are very well acquainted with; becauſe the Man that is perfectly known, is in ſome meaſure ſubjected to the Perſon that knows him.

XXXVIII.

Study and the Enquiry after Truth, hath very often only this Effect, That it makes us know Experimentally how Ignorant we are by Nature.

XXXIX.

Men are moſt eſteemed when the *World* does not know the utmoſt of their Abilities. For things that are underſtood but by

by halves, are always presumed greater than really they are.

XL.

The desire of being thought a Wise Man very often hinders one from being so, for such a one is more Sollicitous to let the *World* see what Knowledge he hath, than to learn that which he Wants.

XLI.

Littleness of *Soul*, and *Ignorance*, and *Presumption* make People Obstinate in their *Opinions*; for Opinionative Men will believe nothing but what they can Comprehend; and there are but very few things that they are able to Comprehend.

XLII.

To disown our *Faults*, when we are told of them, is but to make them more and greater.

XLIII.

We should not Regard how much Good a *Friend* hath done us, so much as how much he Desired and Endeavoured to do us.

XLIV.

Though we ought not to *Love* our *Friends*, only for the Good they do us, yet it is a plain Case, they love not Us, if they do not do us Good, when they have it in their Power.

XLV.

It is neither any great Reflection nor Commendation to say a Mans Wit is, or is not in the Fashion. For if it be what it ought to be at any Time, it continues to be so at all Times.

XLVI.

The *Love* of a Mans Self is Generally the Rule and Measure of all our *Friendship* to others. It supersedes all Duties and Obligations, where *Interest* is concerned; and lays down all Resentments against our *Enemies*, how just soever the Causes of them were, when they are considerable enough to Promote our *Honour*, or our *Fortunes*.

XLVII.

It is but an idle and useless Trouble, to make great Enquiries what is done in the *World*

World, except all this tend to the reforming of ones Self.

XLVIII.

Circumſtances and outward Appearances procure a Man frequently more Reſpect, than real Worth, and a good Bottom. An ungracefull Faſhion ſpoils all, even *Juſtice* and *Reaſon* it Self. The beſt part of things depends upon the *How*, and the Air we give them, Gilds, Accommodates and Sweetens the moſt Ungrateful Matters. All this is owing to the Weakneſs, and the Prepoſſeſſions of Mens Judgments.

XLIX.

We ſhould make the *Follies* of Others, rather a Warning and Inſtruction to our Selves, than a Subject of *Mirth*, and Mockery of thoſe that commit them.

L.

The Converſation of Men that are of a Dogmatical and Governing *Spirit* is the troubleſomeſt thing that can be. We ſhould be always ready to ſubmit to the Truth,

Truth, and receive it readily, let it come from what Hand it will.

LI.

A Man may learn as much by other Peoples *Faults*, as by their *Instructions*. The Examples of Imperfection are in a manner as Usefull towards the making a Man Perfect, as those of *Wisdom* and *Perfection*.

LII.

We are better pleased with those that strive to imitate us, than with those that Endeavour to Equal us. For imitation argues Esteem, but a desire of Equality argues *Envy*.

LIII.

'Tis a very commendable piece of Address to make a Denial go down well with soft and civil Expressions, and Courtesy to supply the Kindness we cannot Grant.

LIV.

There are a sort of Persons that say *No* so very Naturally, that their *No* always Ushers in whatever they are about to say.

say. This makes them so disagreeable, that though they be prevailed upon with much Importunity to grant any request, yet all the Grace and the Commendation of such Grants are utterly lost by so very untoward a beginning.

LV.

All things ought not to be Granted, nor all Men to be Gratified. It is altogether as commendable, to deny upon a just *Occasion*, as to give in due *Season*. This makes some Peoples *No* better received, than other Peoples *Yes*. A Denial when managed with good *Nature* and softened with *Civility*, gives more Satisfaction to a Man of Understanding, than a Favour coldly and rudely Granted.

LVI.

There is a great deal of *Wisdom* required in the Choice of good Council, as well as in the being able to advise ones own self. Men of the best Judgment are always most ready to consult the Opinions of others, and it is one Eminent instance

of

of *Wisdom* to submit ones self to the good Conduct of a *Friend.*

LVII.

The *Doctrines* of *Christianity*, which ought to be derived only from the Truths contained in the *Gospel*, are Generally represented to us, according to the Temper and Complexion of our *Teachers.* Some out of an exceeding tenderness and Good *Nature*, and others from a sour and rugged Disposition, form and employ the Justice and Mercy of God, just according to their own Apprehensions of things.

LVIII.

In the Study of humane Learning our *Soul* ought always to preserve its own Freedom, and not inslave it self to other Peoples Fancies. The Liberty of the Judgment should have its full Scope, and not take any thing upon Trust, from the Credit of any Man's Authority. When different *Opinions* are proposed to us, we should consider and choose, if there are such odds between them, as to admit of a Choice; and

and if there be not, then we ſhould continue in ſuſpence ſtill.

LIX.

Contradiction ſhould awaken our Attention and Care, but not our *Paſſion*. Thoſe that oppoſe us ought rather to be heard, than avoided. For we muſt be of no *Intereſt* but that of Truth, after what manner ſo ever ſhe happen to Diſcover her ſelf to us.

LX.

Oſtentation and *Pride* upon the account of Honours and Preferments, is much more offenſive, than upon any perſonal Qualifications. It argues, Men do not deſerve Great Places, when they can Value themſelves upon them, if a Man would be truly Valued, the way to it is by being illuſtriouſly Good. For even the greateſt Men are more reſpected for the Eminence of their Parts and Vertue, than for that of their *Fortune*.

LXI.

There is nothing ſo mean, but hath ſome

ſome Perfection. It is the peculiar happineſs of a diſcerning Palate, to find out each thing's particular Excellence. But the malice of our corrupt *Nature* puts us oftentimes upon diſcovering one *Vice* among many *Vertues*, that ſo we may Aggravate and Proclaim that to their Diſparagement. Now this is not ſo much an Argument of a Nice Judgment, as of a Baſe Diſpoſition; and that Man hath but an ill Life on't, who feeds himſelf with the Faults and Frailties of other People.

LXII.

There is a particular way of hearkening to ones Self, that is ever diſpleaſing; for it is as great a Folly to hear ones ſelf in Company, as to talk all, and hear no Body but ones Self.

LXIII.

A Man is but little the better for liking himſelf, when no Body elſe likes him. For an Immoderate *Love* of ones Self is very often chaſtiſed by Contempt from others.

LXIV.

There is always under the greateſt Devotion, a proportion of *Self-love* concealed, great enough to ſet bounds to our Charity.

LXV.

Some People are ſo Blind, and flatter themſelves to ſo great a Degree, that they always believe what they wiſh, and think to make every body believe what they have a mind to; though the Arguments they would perſwade with are never ſo poor and weak, their prepoſſeſſions are ſo ſtrong that they think they need only talk Loud and Big, and be very poſitive, to make all the World of their Opinion.

LXVI.

Ignorance creates Irreſolution and Fear, Learning makes Men Bold and aſſured, but nothing diſturbs a Mind that is truly wiſe and knows how to diſtinguiſh things rightly.

LXVII.

LXVII.

It is a general Failing, that Men never think their own Fortunes too great, nor their own Wit too little.

LXVIII.

There cannot be a meaner thing, than to take Advantage of ones Quality and Greatneſs, to ridicule and inſult over thoſe of an inferiour Condition.

LXIX.

When a Poſitive Man hath once begun to diſpute any thing, his mind is barred up againſt all light and better Information, Oppoſition provokes him, tho there be never ſo good ground for it, and he ſeems to be afraid of nothing more, than leſt he ſhould be convinced of the Truth.

LXX.

The Shame of being commended without any Deſert, ſometimes puts Men upon doing, what otherwiſe they would never have once attempted to do.

LXXI.

LXXI.

It is much better that great Perſons ſhould thirſt after Honour; nay, that they ſhould even be vain upon the account of doing well, than that they ſhould be wholly clear of this *Paſſion*; for though the good they do, proceeds not from a principle of *Vertue*, yet the World however hath this Advantage, that their Vanity makes them do, what, if they were not vain, they would not have done.

LXXII.

They that are ſo Fooliſh, as to value themſelves merely for their Quality, do in a great meaſure ſlight that very thing, that gave them their Quality; for, though they receive it by deſcent now, yet it was the Virtue of their Anceſtors that firſt ennobled their blood.

LXXIII.

Self-love makes us impoſe upon our ſelves in almoſt every kind of thing: We hear Faults condemned by other People; nay, we often condemn them with our own Mouths, and yet take no care to amend

mend them; and that either becauſe we are not ſenſible of the Ill that we carry about us, or elſe that we look upon our own Ills through falſe Glaſſes, and miſtake them for ſomething that is Good.

LXXIV.

It is no Conſequence, that a Man is Vertuous, becauſe we ſee him do vertuous *Actions*. We are grateful for a Kindneſs ſometimes, only to ſerve our ſelves; the Reputation of Gratitude and to gain an Advantage of being more boldly ungrateful for ſome other Favours, which we are not inclined to acknowledge.

LXXV.

When great Men hope to make the World believe, they have ſome Excellence which really they have not; it is a thing of ill *Conſequence* to ſhew that we ſuſpect them. For when you deſtroy their hopes of paſſing upon the World, you at the ſame time deſtroy all their deſires to do thoſe good Actions, that are agreeable to the *Vertues* they would be thought to have.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

The beſt diſpoſition when untaught is always blind and unſettled. A Man ought to take all imaginable care to inform himſelf, that his ignorance may make him neither *Childiſhly* fearful, nor *Ridiculouſly* confident.

LXXVII.

The mutual *Society*, and indeed the Friendſhip of moſt Men, is no better than a mere Trading Correſpondence, kept up juſt as long as their own occaſions make it neceſſary.

LXXVIII.

Though the generality of Friendſhips contracted in the World do by no means deſerve the Honourable Name of *Friendſhip*; yet a Man may very well make his beſt of them as he ſees occaſion, as of a Trade that is not fixed upon any ſure Fund, and where nothing is more uſual, than to find our ſelves cheated.

LXXIX.

LXXIX.

Whereſoever *Love* is real, it is the governing of *Paſſion*. It perfectly forms the *Soul*, the *Affections*, and the *Underſtanding* after its own *Model*. Its being greater or leſs does not depend upon the Capacity of the Perſon, of whom it hath taken Poſſeſſion, but upon its own Strength and Proportion; and in truth, *Love* ſeems to bear the ſame relation to the Perſon in *Love*, that the Soul bears to the Body animated by it.

LXXX.

Love hath ſuch peculiar diſtinguiſhing *Qualities*, that it can neither be concealed, where it really is, nor counterfeited, where it really is not.

LXXXI.

All Diverſions that are very Entertaining, are of dangerous conſequence to *Chriſtianity*; but of all that the World hath found out, none ſhould be more cautiouſly uſed, than *Plays*. They give ſo nice, ſo natural a Repreſentation of the *Paſſions*,

Paſſions, that they really beget and inſpire them, and eſpecially that of *Love*, when it is deſcribed, as a modeſt and a vertuous *Paſſion*. For the more Innocent it appears to Innocent Perſons, the more ſtill they find themſelves diſpoſed to receive and ſubmit to it. They fanſie to themſelves a Senſe of Honour, and at the ſame time, that this is no way injured by ſo diſcreet an Affection. Thus people riſe from a *Play* with their Hearts ſo full of the ſoftneſſes of *Love*, and their Judgments ſo ſatisfied of its Innocence, that they are in a perfect Diſpoſition to take in its firſt impreſſions readily, or rather indeed to ſeek and court occaſions of infecting ſome body elſe with it, that ſo they may receive the ſame Pleaſures and the ſame Devotions which they have ſeen ſo movingly repreſented upon the Stage.

Mixed

Mixed Thoughts.

PART IV.

I.

SElf *Love*, according as it is rightly or otherwiſe, underſtood and applyed, is the cauſe of all the Moral *Vertues*, and *Vices* in the World.

II.

That *Prudence*, which is made Uſe of in the good management of Men's Affairs, when taken in its true Senſe, is only a Wiſe and more Judicious *Love* of our ſelves; and the oppoſite to this, is perfect Blindneſs and Inconſideration.

III.

Though it may be ſaid with great Truth upon this Principle, that Men never

ver act without a regard to their own *Interest*, yet will it be no Consequence from thence, that all they do is corrupt, and no such thing as *Justice* nor *Honesty* left in the World. Men may Govern themselves by noble Ends, and propose *Interests* full of Commendation and Honour. And indeed, the very thing, that Denominates any Person a Man of *Justice* and *Honour* is this just distinction of Self-*Love*, regulated as it ought to be. When though all things are done with respect to his own Advantage at last, yet still this is with a due Allowance and reservation to the Laws of Civil *Society*.

IV.

The *Love* of our Neighbour is the Wisest and most Useful good Quality in the *World*; It is every Whit, as necessary in Civil *Societies* for our happiness in the present Life, as Christianity hath made it in Order to that of the next Life.

V.

Honour and Disgrace, are but Empty and Imaginary things, if we take them a-

part from those real Advantages and Misfortunes that attend them.

VI.

Those that give themselves a World of Trouble, and that tempt a World of Dangers, merely for the sake of trasmitting a great Name to after ages, are, in my Opinion, very Whimsical People. All this Honour and Reputation which they look upon as boundless, is yet confined within a little Room in their own Imagination. For this crowds all Posterity into one Age, by setting those Men before their Eyes as if they were all present together, which they shall never live to see nor enjoy.

VII.

This Maxim, *That the most secret things are discovered at one time or other*, is (to say the least of it) very uncertain; for we can only judge of what we do not know, by what we know already; and consequently what we do not yet know can give us no farther light into it.

VIII.

VIII.

Nothing conduces more to the making our Life happy, than to know things as they really are; And this *Wisdom* must be acquired by frequent Reflections upon Men, and the Affairs of the *World*; for otherwise Books will contribute but little to it.

IX.

Almost all the miseries of Life are owing to the false Notions Men have of the *World*, and all that is done in it.

X.

True Eloquence is good Sense, delivered in a *Natural*, and unaffected way. That which must be set off with Tropes and Ornaments, is acceptable, only because the Generality of Men are easily imposed upon, and see things but by halves.

XI.

Maxims are to the Minds, just what a Staff is to the Body, when a Man cannot support himself by his own Strength.

Men of ſound Senſe that ſee things in their full and juſt Proportions, have no need of General Obſervations to help them out.

XII.

The great Characters of being Men of Honour and Juſtice are very often grounded more upon Forms, and a knack of appearing to be ſuch, than any true and ſolid Worth.

XIII.

Thoſe that have the accompliſhments Eſſential to the making a good Man, ſuppoſing they need no Art, neglect Formalities; Act more according to *Nature*, and conſequently more in the Dark. For thoſe that judge of them, have ſomething elſe to do, than to examine them; and ſo they pronounce Sentence only according to outward appearances.

XIV.

No Man can be perfectly Juſt and Good without a great Meaſure of Senſe and Right *Reaſon*, which will always carry

ry him to Chooſe the juſter ſide in every Action of his Life. And it is a *Fooliſh* thing to extol wicked Men, and Knaves, as the *World* commonly do, for Perſons of Wit and Underſtanding. Such People have only one part of that Sound Senſe; which is the reaſon why they are ſucceſsful upon ſome Occaſions, but imperfect and at a loſs upon a Thouſand others.

XV.

Courage in Men, and *Chaſtity* in Women, are eſteemed the principal Vertues of each *Sex*, becauſe they are the hardeſt to practiſe: When theſe Vertues want either that Conſtitution, or that Grace that ſhould ſuſtain and keep them up, they ſoon grow weak, and are preſently ſacrificed to the *Love* of Life and Pleaſure.

XVI.

You ſhall ſcarce meet with a Maſter, but cries out, upon all Servants, that they are *Rogues* and the *Plagues* of a Family; and if Servants ever come to be Maſters, they will ſay juſt the ſame thing. The *Reaſon*

is, becauſe generally, it is not the Qualities, but the Fortunes of Men, that makes the difference between them.

XVII.

People do not make it their Buſineſs to be in the right ſo much as to be thought ſo; This makes them ſtickle ſo ſtifly for their own Opinions, even then when they know and are ſatisfied they are falſe.

XVIII.

Errours ſometimes have as long a run, as the greateſt Truths. Becauſe, when theſe Errours are once received for Truths Men admit whatever makes for them with an implicit Conſent; and reject or overlook all that is capable of undeceiving them.

XIX.

Tricking and *Lying* are as ſure Marks of a Low and Poor *Spirit*, as falſe Money is of a Poor and Low Purſe.

XX.

When once Men, that are under a Vow of Devotion engage themſelves in the Buſineſs

Business of the *World*, without absolute necessity for so doing, they give us great cause to suspect the reality of their Devotion.

XXI.

All Devotion, which is not grounded upon *Christian Humility*, and the *Love* of our Neighbour, is no better than Form and Pretence; 'tis only the *Pride* and Peevishness of *Philosophy*, which thinks by despising the *World*, to revenge it self upon all the Contempt and Dissatisfactions, Men have met with from it.

XXII.

The Devotion of *Ladies* growing into Yeers, is frequently no better, than a little kind of Decency taken up to shelter themselves from the shame and the jest of a Fading *Beauty*; and to secure in every change, something that may still recommend them to the *World*.

XXIII.

Devotion is a Temper of the Mind purely Spiritual, and derives it self from

God. Consequently, it is a very Nice thing, and ought to be observed very narrowly, and with exceeding Caution, by those that would keep themselves from being deceived in it.

XXIV.

The highest Pitch of Perfection, that Men are capable of, is to be throughly acquainted with their own Weakness, their Vanity, and Misery; and the less *Wit* any one hath, the less he knows of these Matters.

XXV.

There is a sort of *Ignorance*, that knows nothing at all, and yet is not near so despicable, as that kind of *Ignorance*, which is full of Errour and Impertinence, and passes upon a great many for Learning and Knowledge.

XXVI.

Too servile a Submission to the Books and opinions of the Ancients as if these were Eternal Truths revealed by God himself; hath spoiled many an ingenious Man, and plagued

plagued the *World* with abundance of *Pedants*.

XXVII.

If we set aside those Cases, in which *Religion* is concerned, a Man ought to measure his Studies and his Books by the Standard of his own *Reason*, and not enslave his *Reason* to his Books.

XXVIII.

Studious Men propose to themselves the filling their heads with Notions, that they may talk Fluently and Nicely, and be taken notice of in the *World*; more than their own real improvement, and better information, that they might be Qualified to make a right Judgment of things.

XXIX.

Such words as *Sympathize*, *Je ne scay quoy's*, *Occult Qualities*, and a Thousand more of the same kind, have no Sense nor Signification at all. A Man is wonderfully deceived, if he Fancies himself one jot the Wiser for them. They were only found out to supply the want of

Reason, and to be Used, when we would fain say something, but indeed have nothing to say.

XXX.

We attribute more to Reason, than is her due. She frequently Usurps what of Right belongs to our Constitution; and would have but few Advantages if she had no more than are strictly her own.

XXXI.

It is but very seldom, that *Reason* cures our *Passions* but one *Passion* is commonly cured by another. *Reason* indeed often strikes in with the strongest side. And there is no *Passion* so Extravagant, but hath its *Reason* ready to keep it in Countenance.

XXXII.

Good and Right *Reason* is a Light in the Mind, by which it Discerns things as they are in themselves. But in this *World* this Light is encompassed, and darkned by a thousand Mists and Clouds.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

Reputation would not be so highly valued, if we did but duly consider, how very unjust Men are, both in the giving and the taking of it away again. We should be sure to deserve it by doing well, and when that care is once taken, not be over anxious about the success.

XXXIV.

Too tender a Sense of what other People say ill of us does but entertain the Malice of the *World*, which desires nothing more than that it may disturb us.

XXXV.

The absolute want of such a Sense, so as to be moved at nothing they say, is a contrary extream, that produces the same effect. This is such a sort of Contempt, as the *World* is concerned to revenge it self upon.

XXXVI.

There is a middle State, and a Temper to be found between these two Extreams, which inclines the *World* to make allowances

allowances for some Actions in one Man, which yet they condemn without any Mercy in others. This makes the mighty difference between Ladies, that yet have taken the same Liberties. So that some are run down and it is Scandalous to be seen in their Company, and others are esteemed as chast as *Nuns*, and no reflections cast upon them.

XXXVII.

That pure Platonick *Love* which some Persons Fansie to themselves, is all imagination and delusion. The Body hath a greater share in this *Passion*, than the Mind.

XXXVIII.

It is no strange thing, that some Nations who wanted the Light of the *Gospel* should worship *Love* for a God: for indeed the Effects and the Resentments of it, are very odd, very extraordinary, and such as seem to exceed the Power of *Nature*,

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

The Converſation of fine Women puts a Man's Salvation upon greater Hazard than the ſofteſt and moſt moving Plays. Thoſe are the Original, theſe only the Image and Copy; Thoſe kindle and inſpire the *Paſſions*, theſe only awake and entertain them.

XL.

Plays and Muſick would have but few admirers, if one had never felt Love, nor any other *Paſſions*.

XLI.

It is a common thing to imagine we love a Man of great *Intereſt* and *Fortune*, with a very ſincere *Paſſion*; But this is what we cannot be ſure of till he be ſtripp'd of all the advantages of Power and Greatneſs. Then one quickly diſcerns what it was that engaged our affections. If *Intereſt* were at the Bottom of it, though Honour may keep it up for ſome time, yet it quickly grows weary, and lets it fall to the Ground.

XLII.

XLII.

Gratitude is the Vertue of Wise and Generous Minds.

XLIII.

Ingratitude is the Fault of *Fools* and *Clowns.*

XLIV.

There are some sort of People, that never look into a Book, and yet with their own stock of *Natural* Parts, have a better Sense of things that depend upon clear and true *Reason*, than some great and Bookish *Professors.*

XLV.

Good *Sense* and *Reason* ought to be the Umpire of all Rules both Ancient and Modern; whatever does not agree with this Standard cannot be *Sterling.*

XLVI.

Nature was given to exercise the *Philosophers*, like some dark Riddle; every one makes his own Sense the Key, and out of that contrives his own System. He that

by these Principles explains most difficulties, may be allowed thus far to Value himself, that he hath hit upon the most probable Opinion.

XLVII.

Bodily Pain is the only Evil attending humane Life that is past the Power of *Reason*, either to cure, or to assuage.

XLVIII.

Fortune gives out the parts Men are to play upon this Stage of the *World* blindly, and just according to her own unaccountable Humour; This is the *Reason*, why there is so much ill acting; because Men very seldom hit upon those Characters that are fit for them. Or to speak in a more *Christian* Style, what we call *Fortune*, is no other than the Providence of *God*, which permits those disorders, for *Reasons* which we are not able to comprehend.

XLIX.

Reason and *Experience* ought always to go Hand in Hand in the Discovery of *Nature*.

If frequent Meditations upon Death, do not make us better Men, yet methinks they ſhould moderate our *Paſſions* however, and put ſome reſtraint upon our *Avarice* and *Ambition.*

LI.

Every thing in this Life is accidental, even our Birth that brings us into it, Death is the only thing we can be ſure of. And yet we behave our ſelves, juſt as if all the reſt were certain, and Death alone accidental.

LII.

Life is good in its own *Nature*, the greateſt good in the *World*, but the moſt unthriftily ſquander'd away, and it is not of this, but our own Extravagance that we have reaſon to complain.

LIII.

Nothing is ſo hard to perſwade Men to, as the Contempt of Riches, except ones arguments be drawn from the Stores of *Chriſtian* Religion.

LIV.

LIV.

The Wise-men among the Ancients were in truth very Foolish, who without any Light of Faith, or expectation of a better State, despised Riches and Pleasures: They endeavoured to distinguish themselves, by uncommon and unnatural Notions; and so to Triumph over the rest of Mankind, by an imaginary Elevation of *Soul*. Those that were the Wisest among them were satisfied with talking of these things in Publick, but behaved themselves after another kind of Rate in Private.

LV.

There is a grave, contrived sort of Folly highly satisfied with it self, that carries an Air of *Wisdom* a Thousand times more Troublesome and Impertinent, than that Humorsome and Diverting Folly, which never thinks at all.

LVI.

The Contempt of certain Death, where there is no *Christianity* to support and justi-

fie

ſhe it, does by no means deſerve that Admiration or Honour that have been thought its due: In good earneſt when one comes to take a cloſer and ſtricter view of it, it is rather an Extravagance, that any greatneſs or conſtancy of Mind.

LVII.

The art of pleaſing in Company, is not to explain things too particularly; to expreſs only one half, and leave your Hearers to make out the reſt. This argues you have a good Opinion of the Perſons you converſe with; and nothing is more agreeable to Men's Love of themſelves.

LVIII.

The Ground of almoſt all our falſe reaſonings, is, that we ſeldom look any farther, than one ſide of the *Queſtion*. Whereas, if a Man would do his argument right, he ought to conſider it in its utmoſt Latitude.

LIX.

LIX.

There are ſo many excellencies, ſo many Beauties in *Nature* that if any be ſuperfluous, it is not becauſe there are too many, but becauſe we chooſe, and uſe them ill.

LX.

The Circumſtances of thoſe, who are intruſted with the Treaſures and the Councils of Princes, are much leſs fickle, than theirs that are to provide for their Diverſions. Men are not always in the *Humour* to take their Pleaſure, but they are always diſpoſed to Honour and Riches.

LXI.

The higheſt *Wiſdom*, is for a Man to be ſenſible, that he wants it.

LXII.

There is no ſuch thing as true *Wiſdom* in this *World*, except that which inſtructs us in *Chriſtian Morality*. For this if we abſtract from all the ſupports of Faith, and advantages of *Religion*, is of it ſelf the moſt

moſt pure and perfect Rule of Life in the *World.*

LXIII.

The Vulgar value and cry up Actions and other Things, not only for their excellence, but more Generally for the uncommonneſs of them; and this gives occaſion to all the falſe Methods Men take to gain the Approbation of the *World.*

LXIV.

The Court is the *Peculiar* where *Ambition* is Supream. All other *Paſſions* even *Love* it Self, and all Laws Truckle under her; and there are no ſorts of Unions but ſhe can both knit Together, and break aſunder.

LXV.

Ambitious Men cheat themſelves, when they fix upon any Ends for their *Ambition*, thoſe Ends, when they are attained to, are converted into means, ſubordinate to ſomething farther.

LXVI.

LXVI.

A Good Character, in which all the *World* agrees, and which continues a great while is ſeldom Falſe.

LXVII.

The Opinion of thoſe *Philoſophers*, that will have Beaſts to be in no Degree more than *Machines*, which move themſelves, is exceeding hard to conceive; but that of ſome other *Philoſophers*, who aſſign them a *Soul* that is Corporeal, and yet not a Body neither, is altogether incomprehenſible.

LXVIII.

A great Reputation is a great Charge very hard for a Man to acquit himſelf well of; an obſcure Life is more Natural, and more Eaſie.

LXIX.

Diogenes, that made Choice of a Tub for his dwelling, was a *Fool*, but ſo much the more exquiſite and refined, as he thought himſelf, and expected the *World* ſhould

should Esteem him so much Wiser than the rest of Mankind.

LXX.

Great Offices and great Honours are most truly said to be great Burdens; their Slavery of them is but so much the greater, because it concerns the Service of the Publick, and the People are a Master scarce ever to be satisfied.

LXXI.

They that are Eternally canting upon *Vertue* in all Companies, are commonly great Boasters, and great Knaves. The mighty pains which the Men of the Age take to commend *Vertue*, is sometimes a shrewd sign, that they take but very little to practise it.

LXXII.

Truth discovers it self to young Princes, no longer than while they are Young, and under Age. It flies a Crown, and vanishes out of Sight, as soon as they come to be invested with Power. If these first Years be not made Use of to give them

them good Advice and Inſtruction, there will be no retrieving it in the following part of their Lives. For all then goes off in mere Juggle and Diſguiſe.

LXXIII.

The perfect Knowledge a Man hath of his Miſery and Imperfections gives a great and juſt occaſion for Humility towards *God*; but ſo it does alſo for the deſpiſing of others, who are not ſo Wiſe as our ſelves.

LXXIV.

Raillery is harder to be born than Injuries, becauſe it is an allowable thing to be concerned at Injuries, but a ridiculous one to be angry at a Jeſt.

LXXV.

Raillery is an Injury diſguiſed full of Malice an Ill-nature, which is endured with ſo much leſs parience, as it ſhews, that they who uſe it, would be thought above us.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

Princes and Persons in Eminent Stations will do well to be exceeding reserved, as to this part of Conversation. The resentments of Their raillery are the more Dangerous, because kept more concealed, and that Men are ever contriving some private ways of Revenge for it.

LXXVII.

Raillery very often betrays want of *Wit*: Men call it in to their Relief, when they have nothing of Sense and Argument left, to say for themselves.

LXXVIII.

A great many People are fond of Books as they are of Furniture; to dress and set off their Rooms more than to adorn and enrich their Minds.

LXXIX.

'Tis the Infatuation of *Misers* to take Gold and Silver for things really Good, whereas they are only some of the means by which good things are procur'd.

LXXX.

LXXX.

Some People are so fond of being Subtle and Abstruse upon all Occasions, that they really overshoot the Mark. These refined Persons are as far from Truth, as the Vulgar, whose gross Ignorance makes them fall short of it.

LXXXI.

Truth is Plain and *Natural*, the great Secret is only how to find it.

LXXXII.

The great mistake of most Noblemen, is, that they look upon their Nobility, as a Character given them by *Nature.*

LXXXIII.

True Quality and that which comes by *Nature* is only the Noble Advantages and Endowments of the Body and the Mind.

LXXXIV.

The more Ancient that Nobility is, which we Derive from our Ancestors, the

leſs Valuable it is, the more Suſpicious and Uncertain. The Son of a Marſhal of *France*, who by his own Worth hath raiſed himſelf to this Office, ſhould in all reaſon be more Noble, than the Poſterity that deſcend from Him. This Spring of Honour is yet freſh in the Son's Veins, and kept up by the Example of the Father; but the further it runs from the Fountain Head, the Weaker, and the Leſſer it grows.

LXXXV.

We are ſurſpriſed every day to ſee ſome Men that are come from the very Dregs of the People, raiſe themſelves to great Fortunes and Honours; and we commonly mention this with Scorn and Reproach; as if all the Great Families in the *World* had not as Mean a beginning, if we would but take pains to Trace them back to their firſt Originals.

LXXXVI.

The greateſt part of thoſe Complaints we make againſt our Neighbours are

owing to the want of Reflections upon our ſelves.

LXXXVII.

The *Love* of our ſelves inclines us to look upon all the Pleaſures, and Happineſſes of Life, as things that we have a Right to call Ours; and upon all the *Evils* and *Calamities*, as things Foreign and Unnatural, and ſuch as are Wrongs and Hardſhips upon us. This gives the occaſion to all the Complaints we hear againſt Humane Life.

LXXXVIII.

Moſt Heroes are like ſome kind of Pictures, which if you would admire you muſt look upon them at a diſtance.

LXXXIX.

True and eſſential merit, is that of the good Accompliſhments of the Mind; but the *Art* of making theſe Valuable, and Exerting thoſe good Faculties is a ſecond Merit: and much more neceſſary than the firſt, in all buſineſs of the *World*, both in

Order to the raiſing our Reputation, and our Fortunes.

XC.

Many things are Valued, merely becauſe they are uncommon, or hard to be come by, though in Truth and in their own *Nature*, they are neither amiable, nor uſefull.

XCI.

Every one Erects a Court of Judicature for himſelf. There he ſits Supreme Judge over his Neighbour, and proceeds upon him in as Arbitrary and Authoritative a manner, as if he had ſome particular Prerogative over him. But methinks, we ſhould be more modeſt and ſparing in paſſing Sentence thus upon others; if we did but conſider that they too will take the ſame Freedoms, and uſe us with the ſame Severity.

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